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Green Grass Under the Snow.

The work of the sun is slow,
But as sure as Heaven we know;
So we'll not forget,
When the skies are wet,
There's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of winter blow,
Wailing like voices of woe,
There are April showers,
And green grass under the snow.

We'll find that it's ever so
In this life's uneven flow;
We've only to wait,
In the face of Fate,
For the green grass under the snow.

Sunflowers.

They blossom brightly, straight and tall,
Against the mossy garden wall,
Beneath the poplar trees;
The sunbeams kiss each golden face,
Their green leaves wave with airy grace
In fresh September's breeze.

On one fair disk of gold and brown
A purple butterfly lights down;
A sister blossom yields
Her honey store, content to be
A late provider for the bee,
Flown here from clover fields.

Each dawning day, when climbs the sun,
And steadfast till his course is run,
These royal blossoms raise
Their grand, wide opened, golden eyes
To watch his journey through the skies,
Undaunted by his blaze.

The butterfly may sleep or soar,
The bee may steal their honey store,
But still the flowers gaze on,
With burning looks of changeless love,
Toward the day-god, high above,
Until the day is gone.

Fair maid beside the garden wall,
Thy lithe form confesses, straight and tall,
The sunflower's stately grace;
The golden tresses of thine hair,
Like sunflower rays, do weave a fair
Bright halo round thy face.

And through their shadows looking down,
We find thine eyes of softest brown
Like sunflower centers are;
We watch thee standing 'mid the bloom,
The God-given sunflower of our home,
Yet meek as evening's star!

Ah, watching thus, high thoughts arise,
Deep thoughts, to fit all our time-worn eyes
With fearful, hopeful tears.
God give thee sunshine on thy way!
God crown thy happy summer day
With peaceful autumn years!

In due time coming, on thy breast
Love's purple butterfly may rest,
And nestle close to thee;
And ere thy summer-time is o'er,
Thy sweetness may yield honey store
For life's brown working bee.

But evermore, though love should come
And fold his pinions in thine home,
Lift thy calm gaze above:
Mark thou the sunflower's constant eye,
And follow through life's changing sky
The sun of faith and love.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

What Became of the Pocket-book.

"Have you any toy trumpets?" asked old Farmer Campbell of the talkative tin-peddler whose red cart with its housekeeper-tempting array of brooms, mops, scrubbing-brushes, pails, tubs, etc., stood one sunny spring morning under the budding maples before the farm-house gate.

"Lots on 'em, sir; red ones, blue ones, green, yellow and white ones—all on 'em shiny ones. Which will you have? 'Aint they hansum now?" and he jingled the attractive baubles before the smiling old gentleman's face.

"I'll pick out these two," he said, taking one in each hand and putting his hands behind him. "Don't say anything about them yet to Catherine. Perhaps when she settles up for her rags there'll be enough coming to pay for them. There, she's coming out with another lot."

"We've been making rugs," explained Catherine, a plump, good-looking young woman of thirty, running briskly down the walk with a huge bundle in in her arms, "that's how we happen to have so many colored rags to-day."

"Here's another little wad," cried Mother Campbell, very much out of breath, hurrying along after her daughter. "I don't want any leavings for mother to congregate on."

"I declare!" ejaculated her husband in dismay. "I declare! that is my sheep's gray vest. I shan't have a rag left to patch on, and shall be driven to wearing my go-to-meetin' suit every day."

Catherine had been diving her shining brown head and plump shoulders into the cart, bringing to light sundry pans, cups, measures and skimmers, while the artful peddler had beguiled her mother into purchasing a pair of sparkling glass pitchers. As the accounts were being balanced the old gentleman laughingly held up the blue and the green trumpets to be enumerated, while from a branch of the tree above their heads the tame crow, Jetty, laughed, "Ha, ha, ha," to call their attention to the red trumpet which he had stolen from the cart.

"Father, you don't want that trumpet more'n the crow does! Come down with that, you black rogue!" scolded Miss Catherine.

"I promised the twins when I was up to Dolly Jones' to have a tootmaker on hand for each of them when they came down in May," said the old man decidedly, "and grandma musn't break his word to the little fellows."

"Those boys are too old for trumpets," put in Mrs. Campbell. "They'll drive me distracted with their noise."

"I hope they'll never be too old to enjoy toys and fun," said the old gentleman, roguishly blowing a blast upon each of the trumpets at the same time. "I guess I will have one for myself, too, and as for the twins, they won't be seven till June."

"They'll be eight," said his wife.

"I've got it down on a paper in my pocket-book," replied the old gentleman, feeling first in one pocket and then in another, "and I'll pay money for the trumpets, Jetty's and all. Catherine, fetch my pocket-book from the mantle shelf in the bedroom chamber," he called after his daughter, who was hurrying toward the house.

"It isn't there," she replied, as she returned presently with a bag of dried apples, "and I didn't stop to look it up, because there will be enough coming from these to pay for the trumpets."

"I want to make father some ginger snaps after Cousin Ruth's recipe, and I can't find the paper on which it is written down," remarked Mrs. Campbell next morning, as, busy about the Saturday's baking, she bustled around looking over boxes, baskets and drawers.

"It is in my pocket-book," said her husband, glancing up from his newspaper, "I saw it lying on the hanging table the last time you made snaps, and I reckoned it might get mislaid and so you have an excuse for not making me any for a long spell. So I took possession of it," and he began again to feel first in one pocket and then in another. "I declare," he ejaculated, presently, "I haven't seen that pocket-book, as I remember, since I looked for it when the peddler was here yesterday.

"Make ginger-drops with currants in them to-day, mother," suggested Catherine, "I can't take my hands out of the pound cake to look up that pocket-book now."

"Have you wound the clock, father?" asked Mrs. Campbell, next morning, as she was tying her bonnet-strings in a square bow under her double-chin, preparatory to starting for church.

"No," said he, "but I was calculating to just before I started, so as to be sure and take the money for the missionary-box out of my pocket-book when I took the clock-key. Catherine, bring me my pocket-book from the mantle-shelf in the bedroom chamber."

"It isn't here," replied his daughter, who was rustling about in her best black silk dress. "Did you find it yesterday? If you did, I didn't hear anything about it, and it slipped my mind."

"Quha, quha," laughed Jetty, from the tall lilac-bush in front of the bedroom window, and, glancing out, they saw that he had the green trumpet in his mouth.

"He stole that from the mantle in your room, and why shouldn't he have stolen the pocket-book as well? He picks up every small, bright colored object that attracts his attention. I, for one, don't believe in harboring a thief in the house," and Miss Catherine turned the cat outdoors, shut the damper of the stove and declared everything to be ready for starting.

"I never thought it a good plan to carry that clock key in your pocket-book," said Catherine, as they jogged along to church.

"I like to have things where I know they are safe," said her father.

"We won't outlaw for a year," said Farmer Campbell.

"Let me see," said his son, and then, of course, Catherine let out the story.

"Was it your old sheepskin wallet, father?"

"Oh, no, it was the pretty red morocco one with twenty different compartments that the twins gave me last Christmas.

"You had it in your hand the last time I was in here, and showed me the receipted bill for three sets of Cyclopedias—Catherine's set, James' set and my set. Let me see; that was Thursday. There was a tramp eating bread and milk in the kitchen, a rough-looking fellow. I thought it injudicious to let him enter the house, and spoke to wife about it when I got home. Don't you remember it? After he went away mother said father looked like a tramp in that old sheep's gray suit."

"There, those clothes are in that rug," put in Catherine triumphantly, pointing to an immense braided mat upon which she was at work. "Father left them off to have them mended one day, the tin peddler came along, and while father was out talking with him, mother and I stripped what was good for carpets out of them and bundled up the rest for rags in a hurry, I tell you."

"I am glad of it," said her half-brother, laughing heartily, "but I must not be lingering here. Father, can I take your side-hill plow for a few days?"

"I presume it is in that missing pocket-book," observed Catherine facetiously, and the tameed crow laughed, "quha, quha, quha," as he alighted outside the window with Mrs. Campbell's scarlet crochet knitting-bag in his bill, which he immediately carried across the yard and threw into the well.

The four persons looked at each other and nodded knowingly. "We will send for Ed Hotton immediately to come and clean out the well," said mother.

"That would be impracticable while the water is so deep," said James, "but at high noon you can reflect the bottom of the well in a looking-glass, and see what is there."

The experiment was tried, and there could be seen on the clear, gravelly bottom of the well sundry cups, mugs, nails, small tools and pieces of crockery, a green frog, and a big, speckled trout, but no pocket-book. The knitting-bag caught on the bucket, and was saved, to Mrs. Campbell's great relief.

Hardly a day passed but that something was wanted, which, when inquired for, was found to have been safely stowed away in that capacious lost pocket-book.

Mrs. Campbell settled down in the belief that James, who was the father's son by a prior marriage, and no favorite of hers, had thought it no harm to appropriate his father's property to his own uses.

Miss Catherine had no doubt that the tramp picked it up soon after her father had thoughtlessly laid it down, and she was sure that the beggar and young Waite were one and the same person.

Mr. Campbell thought that Jetty was the rogue, and spent a great deal of time watching the singular pranks and evolutions of the interesting bird.

When the twins came for their promised visit Aunt Catherine made a party, inviting all the boys and girls in the neighborhood, and offering a prize of a gold dollar strung on a blue ribbon to the one who should find the pocket-book. The premises were thoroughly explored, the garden plot was raked over, every maple, apple and cherry tree was climbed, and searched for knot holes, but although a great many squirrels, birds, rats and mice nests were brought to light, the pocket-book, to grandpa's great disappointment, did not appear.

Every Sunday night during the summer Catherine drove over to Esq. Russell's to borrow the clock key, and some time during the week when she had time, she carried it home.

When, in the fall, the weather grew chilly, bachelor Ed Russell took to driving over to Farmer Campbell's to wind the tall clock, and the family all agreed in calling him an uncommonly accommodating young man.

As this was kept up steadily all winter, people would have set the young folks down as lovers had not every one known about the missing clock key.

It had come to be generally understood that young Waite was the thief, and not a call was made upon the comers for a whole year in that highly proper Christian neighborhood.

One balmy morning the following spring Miss Catherine, chancing to glance up from the rug which she was braiding and sewing for a present to Mrs. Russell, saw a pretty young girl in a plain black alpaca suit coming through the gate.

"There's that Waite girl," ejaculated Catharine to her mother, "I wonder what she means by calling here? I presume it's about the school again, but we don't want our neighborhood children under such influence. I shan't ask her in."

Catharine did not have the opportunity, for her father, with Jetty perched on his shoulder, walked slowly down the gravel walk, shook the girl's hand in his habitual gentle, cordial way; stood and talked with her a minute or two, and then, in an excited manner waited upon her to the house.

"Hallo!" here's my pocket-book!" cried he jubilantly, as he threw the door wide open. This young lady brought it. Walk right in, my dear, and tell us all about it. My wife add daughter will be glad to know you. Sit down in this rocking-chair; you must be tired after your long walk."

Miss Catherine prided herself upon her sharpness. She thought now, as she set her head a little more primly on one side, "Ah, that self-assured young Waite and that miserable tramp were identical, as I have always supposed. We ought to have had him arrested at the time, as Mrs. Russell suggested."

"This is where I found it," said the girl, timidly, pulling a little bundle of old sheep's gray flannel out of her pocket.

"Hallo! The back and lining of my old gray vest," said the old gentleman, skipping around like a boy. "It looks like an old friend. There, mother! who was the rogue? It wasn't me, and it wasn't Jetty, nor the poor hungry, forlorn tramp.

"I found it in this inside pocket," went on the girl, "and this little roll was twisted up and tucked in on top of a sack of rags that was given me to sort and cut in the rag-shop where I have been at work because I couldn't get a situation to teach. I haven't opened it, because it wasn't necessary when I saw your name in gold letters on the outside."

"Everything is all right," said the old man. "The note runs out just as I said, next week. The twins will be seven, and it does take two cups of molasses for the snaps. I guess you will begin to think I know something, after all. The money comes just when I need it, and is just the same as a gift. Sit down, sit down, my dear, you are not rested, I am sure."

Catherine told Mrs. Russell, afterward, that she felt as cheap as rags, but she came forward and took off the girl's things and kept her to supper, and before that meal was over they were all so charmed with her that Miss Catherine carried her homein the chaise and drove around by the residence of the newly-elected prudential committee, and secured the school for the coming term.

The next day Miss Catherine took Mrs. Russell over to call, and they carried the young lady, whose name after all was not Waite, but Wyat, a gift of a twenty-dollar gold piece from Mr. Campbell.

At the wedding of Miss Catherine and bachelor Ed Russell, which came off at midsummer, the Wyat brother and sister were among the bridesmaids and groomsmen. Everybody, old and young, even to the jolly tin-peddler, were bidden to the wedding. Grandpa told the story of the lost pocket-book, and said that it had turned out well, for he had given Catherine over as an old maid, and she would have been had she not been obliged to keep the old clock from running down. The twins had new trumpets bought by grandpa for the occasion, and Jetty in his best suit of black stood in the lilac bush in front of an open window, and all through the ceremony laughed, "quaha, quaha, quaha."—*Chicago Standard.*

French Prisons.

There are twenty-one central prisons in France for prisoners with sentences of five years and over. The cellular system is adopted in prisons for the detention of prisoners not sent up for more than a year and a day, but in the central prisons as many as 100 men sleep in one ward, certain of their number being responsible for the preservation of order. The dormitories are lighted, and there are openings from the galleries through which the guards may inspect them. By day the men work in *ateliers*, fifty or a hundred in each. Shoes, chairs, woven fabrics, buttons, umbrella-ferules, Chinese lanterns, etc., are manufactured, and such light work as glossing paper, sewing copy-books and making hair ornaments is done. The work is let to contractors by tariff fixed by the local Chamber of Commerce, to prevent an undue competition with free labor. Half of the profits of the prisoner's work goes to the State; he is allowed to spend a quarter in procuring special articles of diet, etc., and the remaining quarter is paid to him on leaving, so that a discharged convict often finds himself with from $100 to $300 cash capital. A large proportion of the prisoners use this in setting themselves up in trade or in procuring passages to other lands. These rewards of industrial labor, together with the industrial training itself, constitute together the main and tolerably effectual counterbalance to the otherwise grave evils of association. The element of hope is always prominent in French prisons, and it is the sheet-anchor of their administration. A visitor to La Sante, at Paris, observed in the first cell he inspected a table on which lay a pipe of tobacco, a half bottle of wine and a novel.

An Exposition Shawl.

At the Paris Exposition is a very beautiful Cashmere shawl, exhibited by Tissier, Bourely & Co., which has a story. It became known, *sub rosa*, that the members of the jury had decided to award the great medal of honor to the above-mentioned shawl. A French lady, the Countess d'Orx, of a very old and wealthy family, heard of this, and at once called on Messrs. Tissier, Bourely & Co., and wished to buy the shawl. She also insisted upon their entering into an agreement with her never to make, or have made, another shawl of the same pattern. They at first objected, but, upon her paying a large price for the shawl, together with a sum sufficiently large to cover the entire cost of all their exhibits in the Exposition, they signed the agreement; and at the close of the Exposition the countess will have a shawl the like of which no other lady possesses or is likely to.

THE MONKEY ASSASSIN.

Tragic Scene in a Venezuela Mining Camp—A Huge Red Ape Murders His Master and is Burned at the Stake.

One of the most famous of the weird, short stories of Edgar Allen Poe is "The Murder of the Rue Morgue." In that most ghastly yet entertaining narrative a monkey is the author of an assassination. The simian criminal has now found a rival in real life.

Early in 1877 the leading mine owners at the Caratal gold fields, in Eastern Venezuela, fitted out an expedition to prospect for some reputed cinnabar deposits on the Brazilian border of Guayana. The command of the party was conferred on an adventurer named Seiler, an old resident of Venezuela, a skilled miner, a naturalist by predilection, and very well known to European and North American scientists through the valuable collections he had made for various museums of natural history.

The expedition was a failure, the cinnabar existing only in the brain of the mendacious Indian who had reported it. In place of specimens of the precious quicksilver ore, Seiler only brought back a cargo of prepared skins, stuffed birds, curious animals, skeletons, and an enormous red ape of the *araguato*, or howling species. These monkeys, in their natural state, are little less ferocious than their great African brethren, the gorillas, and are almost as untamable. The native Venezuelans call them "Wood Devils," and stand in holy horror of them. Seiler's specimen, which was as big as a ten-year-old boy, and as deep-voiced as a fog horn, was no exception to the rule, and in a short time it became the terror of all Caratal. Chained to a ring-bolt in the wall of his master's house, which stood at the intersection of the only two streets of the little village, the red ape would squat all day long on the peak of the tiled roof, mouthing at the passers-by, hurling whatever missiles he could lay hands on at them, and gnashing his great teeth like a fiend. At night he charmed the somber hours by howling incessantly. Horses and mules would stampede at sight of him. Children fled from him in terror. Every miner was careful to pass Seiler's house on the other side of the street, and with a wary eye on the sentry on the roof. Even the buzzards deserted to Callao, the opposition mining center, for the ape had developed a great fondness for capturing them whenever he could, then proceeding to pluck them and tear them to pieces alive. In fine he became such a public abomination tha the authorities were applied to. Accordingly the alcalde waited on Seiler and laid the case before him. He might as well have spoken to the ape himself.

Though the rainy season was at hand and his roof was almost denuded of tiles which the *araguato* had torn off to throw at people; though the brute ate as much as ten men, while his master, who had taught the animal not till he would touch nothing else, had to starve himself to feed him; though he himself was a walking mass of scars received at the paws of his ungrateful pet, still Seiler clung to the worthless hide of "El Demonio Colorado," or the red demon, as people had come to call the ape, with an unfaltering devotion. He swore that Mungo, as he had christened him, should remain as long as the house held together, which, considering the rapidity with which it was being converted into projectiles, was certainly not an eternal prospect. When the alcalde insisted Seiler drew his attention to a fine example of Smith and Wesson's revolver manufacture, and the argument ended abruptly. People now took the law into their own hands, but with equally poor success. The red demon seemed to bear a charmed life. He dodged silver bullets with the greatest ease, and one genius who melted down two ounces of gold into a slug to make sure of him, had the satisfaction of seeing Seiler pick the precious metal out of his wall and purchase rum for himself and raw meat for Mungo with it, just at a juncture too when his credit had collapsed and given rise to a hope that the ape would starve to death after all. As for poison, the brute revelled in it. Paris green seemed a sweet morsel under his tongue. Strychnine only improved his digestion. He devoured arsenic like sugar, and swallowed enough mercury to salivate a regiment without starting as much as a tear. At last his enemies gave up in despair.

At the beginning of the present year, Seiler was struck down by a fever, contracted from repeated drenchings during the rainy season, which drenchings were solely due to Mungo's having unroofed the house to such an extent that there was not a dry corner in it. Unpopular as the sick man's defense of his abominable pet had made him, his neighbors were still miners with the warm hearts and open hands that never refuse sympathy or aid to distress, and they doctored and nursed the invalid faithfully into convalescence. Mungo, however, they positively refused to succor, and after devouring all the garbage within the limit of his chain, the red ape was reduced to an open air diet, and grew more meager and vicious every day.

On the night of the 5th of February last some teamsters from the Orinoco, who had arrived too late to find shelter, camped in a *corral* behind Seiler's house. The night was a dark and rainy one. For a wonder, Mungo was making no noise. Toward midnight a commotion in the house attracted the notice of one of the wagoners, but, as it soon subsided, he paid no particular attention to it. With daylight, however, he discovered that Mungo's chain was broken, and that the monkey was missing, and knocked at the house door, intending to inform Seiler of it. Receiving no answer to his repeated summons, the man became alarmed and forced the door. As he pushed it open a startling and unearthly howl greeted his ears. In the middle of the room, surrounded by the wreck of what little furniture the place had contained, was the corpse of Seiler. Squatting on the breast of the body, his hair glued in patches with clotted gore, and his long arms and hideous head besmeared with blood, was the red ape. His lips were glued to a gaping wound in his master's throat, and he was sucking the blood from the jugular vein, stopping occasionally to utter a low howl of satisfaction, and beat the ground with the fragment of his broken chain.

It was not until he was fairly riddled with pistol bullets and rifle balls that Mungo abandoned the body of his victim. The corpse except, for the wound in the throat, was unmutilated. The ape, driven frantic by hunger, must have descended on his master through a break in the roof while he slept, and fastened his teeth in his windpipe. Weak as he was from his late illness Seiler could probably offer but a slight resistance, which was insufficient to shake the powerful brute from his deadly hold.

In spite of his wounds the monkey murderer was yet alive. A rope was made fast to his legs, and he was dragged into the middle of the plaza, where he was fastened to a stake and burned.

Your true lover of nature is the potato bug. You will find him everywhere—on the mountain top, by the sad sea waves and in the quiet country nook. Nature in any form is good enough for him; but when it comes in the shape of murphies he sits him down and sings, "This is the place I long have sought."

A Bank Reminiscence.

Secretary Sherman, in making his arrangements to roll out the heavy silver dollars over the country through the mails, will appreciate the little story told by Nathan Sargent (Oliver Oldschool) about Nicholas Biddle and the Savannah branch bank. One of the assaults against the United States Bank was the calculated "happy thought" to prove its insolvency by breaking one of its branches, of which there were ten or twelve situated in different cities, Savannah was far distant from Philadelphia in those days, and the business of the bank was comparatively small, consisting chiefly of drafts upon cotton sales, requiring very little specie, of which there was but a small amount kept in its vaults, compared to its bills in circulation. It would be an easy matter, therefore, so calculated the opposing parties, to secure quietly a large amount of the bills, present them for redemption, before the bank had notice, make a run on it, in other words, and have the bills protested and its doors shut; thus proving the insolvency of the branch, it would react on the parent concern.

So the scheme was set going. But Mr. Nicholas Biddle sat in his counting-house reading the weekly returns of the branch banks. For several weeks he observed the reports from one branch after another. "We return you less than our average of Savannah branch-notes." Just what it meant was not apparent, but it meant something evidently, so the ready President, keeping his own counsel, quietly shipped $200,000 of specie to the Savannah branch, with a letter of caution and advice to the president. Meanwhile, the New York operator, having secured something like $170,000 of the bills of the Savannah branch bank, started for that place, secure in his scheme. Arrived there he asked a private interview of the president, and informed him that he was a New York broker, and had a quantity of bills for redemption, probably a much larger amount than was usually presented at any one time. To his surprise the president did not appear at all disconcerted, but politely replied that he would be happy to give him drafts on New York or New Orleans for the amount. These, however, were declined, and the specie demanded. The president reminded him that he could get the specie for the drafts in New York and so save transportation and insurance. But the broker insisted on the specie, and so it was counted out, keg after keg. When about a hundred thousand dollars had been counted and still the kegs kept rolling out, the broker saw that he was outwitted, and kindly offered to change for drafts instead. But the president told him he was really very much obliged to him for relieving him of the specie, and couldn't think of taking it back. So the gentleman had the satisfaction of shipping the specie back to New York and paying both freight and insurance on it.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Snapping Turtle.

The *taurup* of the aborigines, or the snapping turtle of more refined dialects, is the deadliest foe of the trout, for he takes the mature fish, not the mere fingerlings which satisfy the pickerel. The *taurup* is a horrible creature, one of the antediluvians—cruelty in its eye, strength in its muscles, imperviousness in its shell, and neither mercy nor gentleness in its heart or bowels. With equal independence it lives on land or in water, with equal courage it defends itself from man or beast. One of forty, fifty, or even sixty pounds, to which weight they often attain, is no mean antagonist; when captured and drawn into the boats or cornered, it turns, and, rising on its black and wrinkled legs, not crawling prone like an ordinary turtle, but with head extended, little yellow eyes glittering, and sharp beak ready for the contest, it advances defiant of all created things. Then it is no pleasant object nor agreeable companion within the narrow limits of an ordinary boat, and the captor at such a moment wishes he had done something else, and been a good way off instead of being just in that particular spot at that moment of time. I remember one I captured, of quite sixty pounds weight—dragging him ashore by the tail, and then chopping his head half off with an ax—which cleared the kitchen quicker than the "ole folks, young folks," when we undertook to put him in the wash-boiler of boiling water, with a view to turtle soup; and another which moved its legs twenty-four hours after it was not only decapitated, but disemboweled. These fellows are dangerous to deal with; and must be approached with care; their bite is terrible, their jaws never relaxing till the piece seized upon comes out; and they are possessed of a quickness of motion which no one would expect from their heavy, awkward shape. They lay their eggs in the sand during the warm days of early June, depositing about thirty or forty, and scratching out a hole about half the depth of their bodies for the purpose. The eggs are round, nearly an inch in diameter, and of a delicate orange color, the shell being exceedingly thin, like transparent paper, and they are left to hatch themselves under the heat of the summer's sun. Snapping turtles destroy and devour some of our finest trout, rising slowly from the bottom, and looking more like some black, rough-barked log, till they are near enough to dart out their long neck and big head. The trout sometimes escapes, but carries on him thereafter the clear imprint of the two horny jaws.

Crocodile Tears.

A paper published in Tallahassee, Fla., has this story in a recent number: Dr. Philbrick, among many other living curiosities, possesses an alligator about half grown, and an infant which is old enough to crawl and go about the yard unattended. A strange attachment existed between the alligator and the infant, the former being so docile that the friends frequently spend hours during the day in playing with each other. The alligator would amble clumsily to his tank, take a sportive dive, and, returning, he would embrace the little one, so to speak, and give unmistakable evidence of delight in receiving tender caresses in return. So secure seemed the friendship between them that Mr. Philbrick never thought of harm, and left the playmates to themselves to pass the time as suited their inclination. The friendly relations did not last long, however, for Mr. Philbrick was startled, about ten o'clock on Wednesday last, by agonizing screams coming from the back yard, and rushing out he found to his horror that the alligator had bitten the little fellow's arm almost entirely off, the fraction of limb dangling by a slender bit of cuticle. The poor, suffering little thing moaned and wept bitterly, and the alligator, seeing the distress he had created, crawled up to his victim and shed copious tears of sympathy, his expressionless countenance giving him the appearance of a subdued and sentimental ass. Mr. Philbrick severed the lacerated member, dressed the stub carefully, and the animal is now able to waddle about on three legs. We have often heard of "crocodile tears," but until Mr. Philbrick's statement our faith in their existence could have been easily shaken.

TIMELY TOPICS.

For the first time a sermon has been delivered in Westminster Abbey by a colored divine, the native Bishop of Hayti.

It appears from the official reports that there are now in New York city 8,759 places where malt and spirituous liquors are sold at retail.

Miss Mary W. Steers of Goshon, Va., a deaf mute, but good looking and an heiress, recently eloped with John W. Michael, another deaf mute. They fell in love at an institution for the deaf and dumb.

The center of gravity was so nicely calculated at the raising of Cleopatra's Needle that, when they got its iron jacket on and it was raised by the trunnions, it balanced exactly, and one man could swing the great mass of two hundred tons.

The Russian *Golos* says significantly that "Russia must collect her strength for a new struggle with Austria chiefly in Europe, and with Turkey and England in Asia. The Berlin Congress has brought to Russia, instead of peace, the immediate prospect of a new war which will be more serious than that which has just concluded."

The heat was recently so intense in Arizona that a thermometer failed to register it on the sandy trail, it being 120 in the shade. A mail carrier, seeing that his horse became restive and was apparently in much pain, on examination found the flesh around the upper part of the hoof thoroughly roasted. In a few minutes the beast dropped exhausted and died.

Australia is the servant-girl's paradise. A lady in Melbourne, who had advertised for domestic aid, received a call from a pretty maid, with unexceptionable references, a pleasing manner, and a willing disposition. The lady was charmed and engaged her on the spot. "But I have always had a whole day's leave of absence every fortnight," the young girl remarked, pausing on the threshold, "and an evening a week besides." "You shall not be deprived of them," was the encouraging reply. "And this is a very lonely place, ma'am," the girl rejoinded, "and I could not come home by myself. Would the master mind coming for me?" The lady hesitated a moment, but as a good girl is not to be picked up every day, she consented; and when her husband returned she informed him that he would have to refuse all invitations for two nights in one week and one in the other in order to go after the new help.

An English lady, who was exceedingly careful of her complexion, recently converted her dressing room into a restaurant. She was in the habit of wrapping up her face in a raw veal cutlet every night before going to bed, leaving openings in the mask for mouth, nostrils and eyes. One morning, instead of rolling up the cutlet in a piece of paper, and stowing it away in her dressing bureau for future disposal, she threw it on the coals which lay ready for lighting in the fire-place, and then forgot all about it. Late in the afternoon, while she was dressing for dinner, for which several invitations had gone out, she told her maid to light the fire in the dressing-room, as it was chilly. Presently the room, the floor, the whole house was prevaded with the odors of a third-class restaurant; and before the frying cutlet was discovered the master of the establishment arrived, followed by guest upon guest.

How the Botocudes Fight.

Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied when traveling in Brazil, witnessed a singular battle fought by two tribes of the Botocudos. The cause of the quarrel was, that Captain June, with his people, had been hunting on the south bank of the River St. Matthew, on the grounds of Capt. Jeparack, and killed some swine. This was considered by the latter as a great insult, only to be atoned for by war.

First, the warriors of both parties uttered short, rough tones of defiance to each other, walking sullenly round one another like angry dogs, and at the same time making ready their poles. Capt. Jeparack then came forward, walked about between the men, looked gloomily and directly before him with wide-staring eyes, and sung, with a tremulous voice, a long song, which described the affront that he had received. In this manner the adverse parties became more and more inflamed. Suddenly two of them advanced, and pushed one another with the arm on the breast, so that they staggered back, and then began to ply their poles. One first struck with all his might at the other, regardless where the blow fell. His antagonist bore the first attack seriously and calmly, without changing countenance; he then took his turn, and thus they belabored each other with severe blows, the marks of which long remained visible on their naked bodies. As there were on the poles many sharp stumps of branches which had been cut off, the effect of the blow was not always confined to bruises, but the blood flowed from the heads of many of the combatants. When two of them had thus thrashed each other handsomely, two more came forward, and several pairs were often seen engaged at once; but they never laid hands on one another. When these combats had continued for some time, they again walked about with a serious look, uttering tones of defiance, till heroic enthusiasm again seized them, and set their poles in motion.

Meanwhile the women fought most valiantly; amid continual weeping and howling they seized each other by the hair, struck with their fists, scratched with their nails, tore the plugs of wood (which the Botocudos wear) out of each other's ears and lips, and scattered them on the field of battle as trophies. If one threw her adversary down, a third, who stood behind, seized her by the limbs and threw her down likewise, and then they pulled each other about on the ground. The men did not degrade themselves so far as to strike the women of the opposite party, but only pushed them with the ends of their poles, or kicked them on the side, so that they rolled over and over. The lamentations and howlings of the women, and children likewise, resounded from the neighboring huts, and heightened the effect of this most singular scene.

In this manner the combat continued for about an hour, when all appeared weary. Some of the savages showed their courage and perseverance by walking about the others, uttering their tones of defiance. Capt. Jeparack, as the principal person of the offended party, held out to the last; all seemed fatigued and exhausted, when he, not yet disposed to make peace, continued to sing his tremulous song, and encouraged the people to renew the combat, till Prince Maximilian went up to him and told him that he was a valiant warrior, but that it was now time to make peace; upon which he at length suddenly quitted the field and went over to the Quartel. Capt. June had not shown so much energy; being an old man, he had taken no part in the combat, but constantly remained in the background.

The Rice Boats of Burmah.

A recent traveler in India, writing of the river traffic in India, describes the curious boats used in carrying rice, as follows: The rice boats, built on a uniform plan, vary much in size, and their capacity is estimated by the number of "baskets" of rice they are built to carry. One hundred baskets are equivalent to a ton's burthen, and there are boats which carry a thousand baskets.

When first seen at a distance in full sail, as from the deck of a river steamer, one of these boats resembles some enormous white bird, so small does the great hull appear in comparison with the vast spread of canvas which it carries; and a fleet of trading boats, such as one may overtake on the Irrawadi any day during the southwest monsoon, is one of the most picturesque sights in Burmah. Coming alongside them one after another, we may study closely the structure and proportions of the vessels. Perhaps the first we overtake is a monster rice boat. Heavily laden, with its prow rises hardly a foot above the water, the whole fore part of the boat being loaded with its cargo of rice, which rises in a mound in the center. Along either side of the boat between the mound of rice and the gunwale, runs a narrow bamboo planking; up and down which the crew pass and repass, and the after part of the vessel is occupied by a miniature dwelling house, with sloping roof, of timber, and bamboo and thatch, not less substantially built than the ordinary cottage on shore. Here a whole family will live for weeks or months, much as the gypsy basket-maker in England lives in his cart during the summer months. This cabin, if it can be so called, is usually in two parts, having its thatched roof in two separate compartments, the after compartment on a higher level than the fore, precisely as shown in the willow pattern. Finally, perched above the higher of the roofs is a small lookout turret with its own tiny roof, something like the "howdah" of an elephant, from which the steersman has a commanding view ahead and astern. An alternative seat is also provided for the steersman in the extreme stern of the boat, behind the cabin, where a chair is fixed against the high-curved stern piece. This chair is often of the plainest fashion; but the Burmese, who have much real taste in decoration, are fond of ornamenting the cabins and sterns of their boats, which are often rich in carving, painting and gilding. Thus nothing is commoner than to see a half-naked steersman, crouching without turban or jacket, and lazily smoking his cigarette, on a richly-carved throne, supported on each side by a huge lion or tiger, or peacock with spreading tail, in rough but bold and effective wood carving. Behind him the curved stern towers over his head, its summit crowned, perhaps, with a gilded bird with outstretched wings, like the eagle which serves for lectern in an English church.

The outer walls of the cabin vary as to the material from rough bamboo matting to elaborately carved and painted panels of wood, while the interior is little more than a reproduction of the cottage on shore. As we pass in the steamer, women and children are seated on the plank floor amidst a medley of cooking pots and other vessels, the mats on which they sleep being rolled up for the day; the crew are idly smoking, or seated in a ring round the common rice dish, into which they dip their fingers; small heads are put out of the narrow window to look at us, and a dog stands on the gunwale and barks at the unearthly apparition. The tall bamboo mast bends and creaks under a gigantic sail stretched on a yard-arm sixty feet in length, and surmounted by a smaller top-sail, and as the steady breeze bears the vessel at a speed little less than that of the steamer, we have every opportunity, as we slowly pass, of noting its peculiarities.

The Good Old Times.

The history of domestic architecture in our own country, says a recent English newspaper, illustrates in a very striking manner the rise of civilization and the extinction of barbarism. We have not to travel back more than a few hundred years to find domestic comfort a thing entirely unknown, and the abode of princes entirely destitute of conveniences which are now considered necessities in the house of every peasant. Our Saxon forefathers lived in the rudest possible style. The homes even of kings and lords consisted simply of one large apartment or "hall," in which all the details of domestic life were carried on by themselves and their immediate attendants. Privacy was a thing entirely unknown. After the pursuits of the day—the chase or the fight—they assembled round one common board, taking place according to their rank in the household; and in the self-same apartment all members of the household afterward disposed themselves for sleep. It was only occasionally that one end of the common hall was separated from the rest by a screen, affording a rude retiring chamber for the lord and lady of the house, with privileged attendants. Almost the only out offices attached to the hall were the shed or pens for the cattle and the swine. The dogs, more cherished, were allowed a place in the corner of the hall itself; and another corner was frequently occupied by the store of provisions. Sometimes, however, the latter would be placed in receptacles or cellars dug under the hall. Its flooring was of earth, its walls of wood and clay, and its roof of thatch. For the admission of light, openings were left in the sides, and closed by wickerwork when night came on; for warmth, a log fire was lighted in the center of the apartment, and the smoke escaped by holes in the roof.

A Shower of Fish.

About two o'clock P. M., says a recent issue of the Chico (Cal.) *Record*, a young man, who works on the Shepard ditch, stepped out of Mr. Yokum's store, and was pelted with an immense lot of small fish say from one to three inches in length, and consisting of a great variety—sun, perch, flying-fish, and many others that do not belong to the scale family. The young man called those in the store to come and see the wonder, when more than a dozen men went out and saw them dropping thick and fast. They covered the roof of the store and extended for a circumference of two or three acres, and perhaps more. I thought at first that a flock of traveling pelicans were unloading their pouches for the purpose of attaining a higher stratum of atmosphere, that would take them more rapidly to their destination. But I gazed for a long time in the clear blue sky in every direction, without being rewarded with the sight of a single pelican. Then I weakened on the pelican theory, and I am led to believe if it were the work of pelicans they must have been so high that they were out of sight. The fishes were very wet when they first fell, but soon dried after striking the ground. I understood that William Phillips, laboring under the impression that all good things come from above, devoured one of the finest ones of the lot, and said it tasted so good that he sadly regretted not having harvested more of them. Such fine epicurean frenzies are very rare in the community. Eli Branum has preserved quite a lot of them.

It takes weather like we had last summer to convince a man that every human being has 7,000,000 pores.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Best Fertilizer.

How to make a formula for a fertilizer for any particular crop or soil, which shall produce satisfactory results, and at the same time be most economical of material—wasting nothing, and using only so much as the special case requires—is a most difficult question for any one to answer, unless he be the best of agricultural chemists, and is thoroughly familiar from long experience with the land under treatment. Yet, just such information as this is what farmers in various sections are continuously writing to us for. The first part of the problem is comparatively easy—*i. e.*, to make a fertilizer which shall produce great results—but what to leave out is a difficult point to settle. Indeed we may say, that this is a point which never can be settled exactly, so great a difference is there between adjacent farms and fields, and parts of the same field even, or further still in the composition of the same spot of ground at different periods. But wonderful progress has been made in the solution of this problem—which involves so much of success or failure in agriculture—within the past few years, and for the most part has been recorded in the *American Agriculturist*. Here is a letter from "J. W. L.," of Lancaster county, Pa.:

"Will you please give me what you consider the best formula for making a phosphate for wheat, also tobacco and corn, to be used on limestone soil. Farmers in this county have generally been making their own, and are using more every year with good effect. It is made according to the following formula, viz., for one ton take

600 lbs. Bone.	50

The Centre Reporter.

D. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Sept. 26, 1878.

FOR GOVERNOR:
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union Co.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery Co.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford Co.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS:
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

Pres't Judge—C. A. Mayer.
Congress—Andrew G. Curtin.
Senator—Cyrus T. Alexander.
Assembly—Wm. A. Murray, Harris; J. P. Gephart, Bellefonte.
Sheriff—John Spangler, Potter.
Treasurer—Adam Yearick, Marion.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper, Bellef.
Commissioners—George Swab, Harris; Jacob Dunkle, Walker.
Register—W. E. Burchfield, Ferg.
Recorder—Wm. A. Tobias, Bellef.
Auditors—Ths. B. Jamison, Gregg; George Williams, Union.
Coroner—C. Cambridge, Boggs.

IMPORTANT DATES.

Election day, Tuesday, Nov. 5th.

Voters must be assessed by Thursday, September 5th.

Voters must pay a State or County tax by Saturday, October 5th.

Foreigners must be naturalized by Saturday, October 5th.

Our County Fair will be held at Bellefonte on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 9, 10 and 11, next. By the premium list, as furnished in the Reporter supplement in a late issue, it will be seen that the inducements offered to exhibitors in the shape of premiums are tempting—although our people should vie with each other in making our fair a success even if no premiums were offered. A paper of an adjoining county refers to our premium list with marks of approval, and as a pattern for other societies to copy after—there is a liberality displayed and a largeness of invitation to exhibitors which few agricultural societies of other counties can compare with. The President, Adam Hoy, esq., and the efficient Secretary, Mr. Clement Dale, with the other officers, are doing their utmost to make the next fair more attractive and successful than any heretofore held, and their work promises to insure this end.

Gov. Curtin's nomination for congress by the democrats, knocks the talk clean out of those republicans, who, in the face of a constitutional prohibition, blabber about the democrats favoring payment of the rebel debt. With Curtin for our congressman, the absurdity of the thing is all the more patent. If our party desired paying the rebel debt it would not propose having men like the great war governor in congress.

It is not within the power of congress to enact that the rebel debt shall be paid—the constitution of the United States forbids it, and the constitution of every southern state prohibits the payment of any rebel debt.

The democracy of this county can learn one wholesome lesson from the recent primary elections in this county—one that we have often pointed out in the Reporter—that where the people turn out to the primaries, good men will be sent as delegates and a good ticket will be nominated.

The primary elections on 14 were the largest ever held in this county—as large a vote was polled as we have on an important election day. And as a result we found the convention on the following Tuesday composed of the best material of the party. This fact was remarked by all. The convention, too, in its deliberations was one of the most orderly and best conducted ever held, and the ticket placed in nomination composed of good men all through.

Let democrats in future not forget this fact, and always take a hand in the delegate elections, and there will be no cause for complaint on account of bad nominations. At the primaries is where the real work is done.

If the rads can't cry court-house ring against Swab and Dunkle, the democratic candidates for commissioners, they will get up something else to employ their idle moments. If there are two honest and upright men in the county, Messrs. Swab and Dunkle are the ones.

The democratic county ticket is received with satisfaction throughout the county. When we consider the number of disappointed candidates, there is really less grumbling than we were accustomed to before this. The ticket will be overwhelmingly elected—every man upon it is beyond reproach, and the nominations were fairly made. Democrats should organize Dill clubs in every township and work from now until election day to drive the Cameron ring from power—every tax-payer is interested in this.

Washington now has a second edition of Kearney, in the person of Cohen, who is trying to incite the laboring men to a disturbance. A few mornings ago he collected around him the idle men of the city, and made a speech to the effect that they would march around the city visiting every place where laborers are employed; that no overt act will be committed unless resistance is offered; that all men working for less than $1.50 per day must be persuaded to stop work, and if they refused force must be used. The police authorities have a large force on duty, and it is thought arrangements are ample to quiet any disorder in the beginning.

Gov. Curtin is out busy speaking at democratic meetings. He spoke at Renova the other evening. He makes the ring tremble by his hot shot, and there is no man hated so much by the Cameron ringsters, at this time, as Curtin. The better portion of republicans will take Andy's advice and vote the democratic ticket, as the best means to bring about reform. The Camerons can't squelch our Andy.

The greatest disappointment the Cameron ring has lately met with is their failure to defeat Curtin's nomination for congress. Centre county democrats do not propose let Cameron dictate who shall be their nominees. The man that Cameron does not want is more likely to suit democrats, than the man Simon does want.

The democratic judicial conferees of this district—Centre, Clinton and Clearfield—met at Bellefonte on Tuesday afternoon, and unanimously nominated Charles A. Mayer for re-election as president judge.

The congressional conferees met on Wednesday, about the time we went to press, hence can not give the result in this issue.

WHAT THEY THINK.

The nomination of Gov. Curtin for congress is hailed with delight by the democratic press of the state. That staunch old democratic organ of western Penn'a, the Pittsburg Post, says:

Ex-Governor Curtin's nomination as the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Centre-Clearfield district may be accepted as a fixed fact. His friends carried Centre county, and as the nomination was conceded to that county it makes Governor Curtin's selection sure. He will be elected by an overwhelming majority, and will take high rank in the House. Randall, Clymer and Curtin in the next House will be of greater importance to Pennsylvania interests than all the Republicans that will go to the House from this State.

The Clinton Democrat also thinks the nomination of Curtin for congress is the best thing that can be done. So we all say.

WHO IS ANDREW H. DILL?

It is not necessary that we should tell the people of Pennsvalley who A. H. Dill is—he is so well known in Centre county already. Our people have known him for many years, he has mingled with them, addressed them, and done business for them. He was their choice for governor, because they knew him to be a man fit for the position and thoroughly honest. For the benefit of our readers outside of this county, we copy a short article about Mr. Dill from an exchange, which in answering the inquiry, "Who is Andrew H. Dill," says:

Such is the innocent inquiry made by a very "loyal" editor, who is answered by a contemporary in this way: "Not having the good fortune to inherit dollars and property from a most worthy father, raised in poverty and having to look to his own efforts for success, Andrew H. Dill is by inheritance, instinct and education the friend of those who like himself have to buffet the world for a livelihood and earn their daily bread by hard work. Though his district always contained a considerable Republican majority, the people thereof always elected him whenever opportunity offered. They watched his course, they studied his record, they keenly scanned his whole conduct; his political opponents chagrinned by repeated defeat in their stronghold, criticised his every act with the utmost desire to find fault and thus cripple or destroy him; yet such was the rectitude of his conduct and his faithfulness to their interests, that those hardy sons of toil (though politically opposed) four times elected Andrew H. Dill to the Legislature from Republican districts. There he was ever the friend and champion of popular rights and the best interests of the people, the rank and file, the farmers, mechanics and laboring men who elected him.

Our limits do not permit us to refer to his votes in detail, but if they had not been of the unexceptional character and most thoroughly in the interest of the working people, Republican counties and districts would not have repeatedly elected him to represent them. That is the most positive proof of the purity and fidelity of his official life, the propriety of his votes, and the patriotism of his purposes. Such endorsements, under such circumstances, are at once convincing and overwhelming evidence of great competency and unquestionable integrity. From the time he passed the threshold to the maturity of middle age, Andrew H. Dill has been prominent in the public view of his constituents, and it is therefore a proud thing to say that no blemish rests upon his character, public or private. Always acting in public, and for the public, neither his neighbors or others could be mistaken in his character, and those neighbors at all times and under all circumstances endorsed him. Such is Andrew H. Dill.

Cameron's organ, the Harrisburg Telegraph, tried hard to defeat A. G. Curtin's nomination for Congress by the Centre Co. democrats. That Cameron wanted Curtin defeated and did all he could to defeat him, is all an additional reason why democrats may feel that they did right in supporting Gov. Curtin, who has been acting with our party for over six years, and who has declared himself in favor of the platform on which Andrew H. Dill stands. Cameron's dirty Telegraph, nor his money, could not prevent Centre county from favoring Curtin and despising the vile republican ring master who undertook to say who should be nominated by Centre county democrats for congres. Our people know Andrew G. Curtin and they know Simon Cameron as well, hence have not heeded the impudent interference of the Winnebago in our own affairs. It would be a pretty state of affairs for democratic voters in this county to find themselves doing the wish and bidding of Simon Cameron! The democracy of Centre county can not and will not be governed by any advice coming from Cameron as to who is the proper person for us democrats to support for congress. That we are obstinately opposed to Cameron and will resent his impudent dictation was plainly evidenced last week. Let Simon smoke that in his pipe.

Centre county democrats do not court the praise of his organ, the vile Telegraph, it may fret and foam, and we will elect Curtin in spite of it and Simon.

In last week's Reporter we gave the official figures showing the saving effected by a democratic house at Washington, amounting to a reduction of expenses in three years of over $83,000,000—certainly a very large item. Below we furnish as a contrast the effect of radical administration in our state, showing a large increase of expenditures. Here are the official figures also:

In the State.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR YEARS.

Republican.	
1874	$189,095,593.
1875	184,504,787.
1876	177,370,087.
Democratic.	
1877	$154,390,943.
1878	153,608,681.
1879	158,773,493.

Total for Three Years.

Republican	$550,701,067.
Democratic	466,773,117.
Total Dem. reduction	$83,927,950.
Av. annual reduction	$27,975,973.

THREE YEARS OF GOVERNOR PACKER.

1858,	$399,888 36
1859.	408,097 40
1860.	401,863 41
Total for three years.	$1,209,849 17

THREE YEARS OF GOVERNOR HARTRANFT.

1875.	$1,192,073 88
1876.	1,270,657 47
1877.	1,213,276 31
Total for three years.	$3,676,008 36

An increase of $2,446,158.19 over that of the last three years of democratic rule. The difference is so enormous that theft and profligacy are at once suggested. Where does all the money go to? The pertinent inquiry will hereafter be answered.

The ticket placed in nomination last week by the democracy of this county, is admitted by all to be a good one, and that it was nominated with the utmost fairness from top to bottom. That many candidates should feel disappointed is natural, for nearly all of them seemed to have assurances that they were going "to make it." And as the work of the convention showed "the other fellow" to be the lucky one, of course disappointment must follow, as there were about a dozen candidates for one place. Many good men failed to get upon the ticket—and in fact nearly all who sought office were right good men.

As far as we can learn none of the gentlemen who failed in getting the nomination refuse to give the ticket the cordial support which is due from one who honestly submitted his claims to the decision of the democratic county convention.

There is not a man upon the county ticket who has not been a hardworking democrat—Gephart, Murry, Spangler, Harper, Yearick, Swab, Dunkle, Burchfield, Tobias, Williams, Jameson and Cambridge, have always worked hard for the success of democratic measures, and deserve the places they have upon the ticket. There were others fully as deserving—but that some must meet with disappointment is inevitable. Better luck may be their's next time.

Now roll up your sleeves and go to work. We have a ticket, which, for men of purity of character compares favorably with any ever heretofore nominated in this county.

The Harrisburg Telegraph, Williamsport Gaz. & Bulletin, and other Cameron organs in the state, are howling like hyenas at Curtin's nomination. Well let 'em howl—it is some satisfaction for the democrats of this district that they have done something to make the tribe of Winnebagoes mad.

D. F. FORTNEY.

In the brief time remaining us last week to make a hurried report of the proceedings of the Democratic Co. Convention, we had to omit mention of the gentleman, whose name heads this article elected unanimously as the next Chairman. The position has been well bestowed by the Convention. Mr. Fortney is one of the most earnest and active democrats in this county, and one of our most popular speakers. There is not a school house in the county which has not heard his voice in favor of democracy, within the last ten years. Mr. Fortney will make an efficient Chairman, as he possesses the executive ability so necessary for the place, and the representatives of the party did an important act well when they chose Mr. Fortney.

CURTIN'S SPEECH.

The following is Gov. Curtin's speech at the democratic convention at Bellefonte, as taken by the reporter of the Williamsport Bulletin, it has the right ring in it, and will be read with pleasure by every democrat:

I have but five minutes—not as long as I generally talk. My fellow-citizens, I made up my mind when in a foreign country, holding a commission of my government, that the policy adopted by the national administration must lead to the troubles and difficulties which have occurred in the past of the country. I came home in 1872, and announced my sentiments as early as I could get into the State. In the meantime the Democratic party of Pennsylvania had taken my friend Governor Bigler from the ticket and placed my name upon it, and I was elected to the Constitutional Convention.

Since 1872 I have labored assiduously to produce reforms in the government at Washington and in this State. I believed that the time would come when the public sentiment would turn to the condition of things there and here, and that we would have such reforms as would conduce to the prosperity of the country and to the glory and power of the nation. Twice I have canvassed Ohio once Indiana, and I have been in Pennsylvania and New York.

I have examined the platform upon which Mr. Dill stands, and it meets with *my entire approbation*, and I shall give him my vote and my support (Applause). I cannot understand why, if my old friends of Republican antecedents desire reform, they should attempt to secure it by an organization which cannot succeed. If they want reform, *let them follow me* and change the entire administration. If those placed in power fail, let them be returned to the people.

Fellow-citizens, I never had the confidence—thank God—I never had the support of the "ring" in Pennsylvania. They opposed me while I was laboring for the country during the war; they never voted for me; I never had the disgrace of their fellowship or friendship. (Applause.) For the gentlemen placed in nomination by the people against me I have the kindliest feelings. I have no triumph in this success. It is a triumph of yourselves to place me on the stump and enlist me in the field which may lead to reform.

I am at war with the Cameron ring; with the men who pilfered your public treasury, who now raise the bloody-shirt once more in the face of this great people and ask that the war which should be forgotten and forever shall be fought over again. They were valiant in the quartermaster and commissary departments; they sold hay, oats, horses and mules—*and d—— poor mules at that.* I will give my faithful efforts to turn the thieves from the public treasury and to restore this great government once more to purity. I do not know what the result may be in the district. You have placed me before the conferees of six counties, and if it is their pleasure to nominate me I will try to discharge the duties of my high and important trust in such a manner as to meet the approbation of my constituents. In all the official positions in which I have been placed I always did desire that in this beautiful county, besides these green mountains, where the Alleghenies roll up their magnificent crests—that these people amongst whom I was born, where I have lived, and where, by the blessing of God, I trust to die and be buried—I only ask, and have always asked, that I receive their approbation. (Applause.)

Phases of the plague: A man named Williams left a town in Ohio for Memphis as a nurse for the sick. When he had reached Stevenson, Ala., he himself became prostrated with the fever. The entire place was driven to a panic and left him alone. In vain were all efforts to procure a nurse, even negroes refusing large offers of money. At last five men placed him in a box car, and having built a fire near him to keep him warm, *left him alone.* The car was switched off the main track half a mile below Stevenson and allowed to remain there with the man in it uncared for. A train came from Chattanooga and the passengers contributed a sum of money which was offered to every physician in town if he would visit Williams, and by each one was positively refused under any circumstances. Finally, after telegraphing to other places, three physicians were secured and Williams was at last made *comfortable.* Another article has appeared in the Memphis Avalanche attacking the rich men of the city. It says: "Memphis has one other curse than the plague, and that curse is her rich men. For mean, selfish penuriousness, we think the rich men of Memphis can beat the world, ancient or modern and there is not a man standing here to-day fighting the greatest plague in all history, that will not indorse this sentiment." After the fever had appeared at Cairo, nearly 800 people on cars, wagons, horseback and a foot left the city in a single night.

The death rate in New Orleans for the week ending September 19, shows that 632 males, and 71 females died of yellow fever. So far we have seen no theory advanced as to such a striking disparity in the death rate between the two sexes.

The republican county convention meets on Thursday 26.

D. LOTHROP & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

The autumn and holiday list of D. Lothrop & Co. is peculiarly valuable and attractive, not only for the character of the publications it represents, but for the variety of subjects it covers, and for the elegant and substantial style in which the books it includes are brought out. The catalogue of the past and present works issued by this house numbers more than 700 titles, and it is a remarkable fact that nearly all of them fulfill some special want of the public, and meet with a steady sale. Of the more important books in the present list are new editions of standard works, among them, Bunyan's Holy War, in clear large type, on heavy paper and with a large number of illustrations, one of the finest editions ever issued in this country; Dr. Adams' At Eventide; Dr. Dorchester's volume, Concessions of Liberalists, which has met with unexampled success; a new and elegant edition of Pilgrim's Progress, uniform in style with the Golden Treasury series, with gilt edges and containing seventeen full page illustrations. Several works by prominent authors are in preparation, which will be duly announced.

In the line of books for young people the list of this firm is especially rich. No other American house furnishes a catalogue more attractive, or draws a sharper line between what is good and what is bad in literature. Among the books now in active preparation, and which will be issued the coming summer and fall, are Miss Youngo's series of Young Folks' Histories, one volume of which will be issued monthly. The first volume will be upon Germany, to be followed by others upon Greece, England, France and Rome. They will be brought out in handsome style, in clear type, on fine white paper, beautifully bound and illustrated. A book of special interest which will appear in the fall is entitled Amy's and Marion's Voyage Around the World. It is from the pen of a daughter of the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, who with her sister, really made the journey about the globe, in company with their brother Capt. Adams. It will be fully illustrated from original photographs. Royal Lowrie, a story for the older boys, by Charles R. Talbot, will create decided sensation among those for whom it is specially intended. It is one of the most fascinating books published for the last half-dozen years, and is as pure in tone as it is lively in incident. Pansy (Mrs. Alden) and Faye Huntington, two of the best writers of religious literature in the country, appear as joint authors of a story for girls, called From Different Standpoints. Two other volumes, That Boy of Newkirk's and Carrie Ellsworth, also appear in the list, together with a new book of poems for home and schools. New editions in quarto form of Young Rick, Cooking Club of Tu-Whit Hollow, Good-for-Nothing Polly, and Nan, the New-Fashioned Girl, all popular and rapid selling books, are announced for early issue.

The house has in preparation an elegantly illustrated work which is intended as a religious gift book for the holidays. It is called Out of Darkness into Light. The designs are from the pencil of Mary A. Lathbury, whose talent for illustration is well known. It is proposed to make it the most popular presentation book of the season, not only in style and character, but in price.

The popular belief that anything was good enough for children to read has undergone a very decided change during the past few years. Thirty years ago the books which made up our Sunday school libraries were dull beyond belief. They repelled rather than attracted, not because they were moral in tone, but because they lacked sympathy and interest. The writers were good people, and imbued with the best of motives, but they seemed to forget that children required altogether different literary pabulum from grown people. The result was what might have been expected. The books which ought to have attracted them were discarded for sensational stories whose literary style was execrable, whose morals were always doubtful. One of the first book-publishing houses in the country which attempted to reform this condition of things was that of D. Lothrop & Co. Mr. Lothrop had long believed in the possibility of a pure and elevated standard of literature for the young, which should combine talent of a high degree with moral and religious teaching, and which, in addition to these qualifications, should be bright, sharp and entertaining. It required determination, courage and money to carry out this idea, but it was carried out, and to-day Mr. Lothrop stands at the head of a house which publishes more and better books for juvenile and young people's reading than any other in the country. The best available talent is secured, and the dress in which his books appear is unsurpassed for beauty and durability. Many publishers exhaust themselves in bringing out a single illustrated juvenile for the holidays, while this firm offers perhaps a dozen, equally attractive, and immensely superior to the reproduction of English juvenile publications with which the book-market is flooded during the holiday season.

Of the works lately published by this house in the special juvenile list, the four Wide Awake Pleasure Books, "A," "B," "C," and "D," are prominent. They are as seasonable one time as another, and will be a perpetual pleasure to young readers. Sunshine for Babyland, Mother's Boys and Girls, Our Darlings, and Little People, the last three by "Pansy," also appear in the same catalogue, and with a score or more others are brought out in illustrated board covers.

The books which are now preparing in the same popular style, make a long and attractive catalogue. Chief among them is Wide Awake Pleasure Book "E," which is announced to be ready for trade August 1st. It will contain a large number of delightful stories and poems by well known authors, splendidly illustrated. Among the contents are Sophie May's "Solomon's Seal," "Child Marion's adventures in Rome, Venice and Vienna, poems by Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Whiton, R. H. Stoddard, Nora Perry, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. Piatt, Clara Doty Bates, etc. The volume is intended especially for the holidays, and in elegant appearance as well as intrinsic merit will compare in the way of a juvenile gift book with anything yet published. A new book by Adam Stein, and one that will make a sensation, is entitled Eyes Right. It is not only highly entertaining, but it contains a large amount of practical information for boys. Four Feet, Wings and Fins is the title of a new illustrated book on natural history for children: Pen and Pencil Pictures, Babyland for 1878, three new books by "Pansey," Two Boys, Getting Ahead and Pansies, three large print Books by Tracy Tappan, and a new work on astronomy called Overhead, are especially attractive Little Miss Mischief and Her Happy Thoughts, adapted from the French by Ella Farman, will be issued in quarto form, elegantly illustrated and bound, and will make one of the most beautiful gift books of the season. In similar style will appear Little Miss Muslin of Quintillion Square, whose adventures will be a never-ending source of entertainment for other Miss Muslins the country over. Another volume of Classics of Babyland, by Clara Doty Bates, is in preparation, which will surpass that of last year in general style and beauty of illustration. Those who remember that charming book, Poems for our Darlings, issued last season, will be glad to know that a companion volume is announced called Music for our Darlings, prepared by Dr. Eben Tourjee. It will be brought out in equally attractive style, and will make a standard book of songs for the household and the school-room. Sidney Martin's Christmas, a splendidly illustrated volume of 250 pages, specially prepared by "Pansey," is another holiday publication. In addition to these there is The King of Picture Books, Baby Bunting, and a large variety of smaller illustrated volumes, all handsomely bound in illustrated covers.

Wheeling, W. Va., September 16.—This afternoon John Lunn, a stranger who had been stopping for two days with a family a short distance from this city, committed suicide by blowing out his brains. He informed the family that he had murdered a man several years ago, and that the remorse had so preyed upon him as to cause him to decide upon suicide.

London, September 16.—A Paris despatch to the Times says the Superior of the Trappists at Sept-Fonds, in the Department of Allier, has purchased land in Pennsylvania for two hundred monks from Sept-Fonds, Mount Mellary (Ireland) and Mariastein. The monks will themselves erect a monastery and other buildings.

At Dayton Captain Borgardus broke 347 glass balls in twenty one minutes, missing 26, the best shooting in that time on record.

All save sixteen of the widows of the late Brigham Young have married again. His favorite, Amelia Folsom, was married last week on Thursday.

The national debt of England now stands, by the most recent return, at $3,888,907,980.

"I'm a yard wide and all wool," is a Kentucky way of describing a high state of hilarity.

YELLOW FEVER—NATURE AND CAUSES OF THE DISEASE.

Yellow fever, like Asiatic cholera and the small-pox, belongs to the class of diseases known as zymotic (from *zyma*, the Greek word for yeast). They are produced by means of invisible germs floating in the atmosphere, and taken into the blood through the lungs. Once in the system, they propagate themselves as yeast does in flour. On the origin of these germs medical science has as yet thrown no light, but it is known that those which produce yellow fever originate only in tropical or semi-tropical climates. Zymotic diseases are not contagious, as a rule, and yellow fever is not communicable by a sick person. One man may not only live in the same house with one who is ill, but eat with him and sleep with him after the disease has manifested itself, without being attacked; while another, who has not been near a sick person, contracts the disease and dies. The germs of the disease may, however, be transported from place to place in clothing, baggage, the holds of vessels, etc., and such confinement seems to add to the virulence of the poison. It is by such means as these that the fever spreads from those localities in which it is indigenous.

A rigid quarantine is, therefore, a necessity in all cities that are liable to the visitation of this disease. Medical science has made no progress whatever in the treatment of the disease, and physicians can do little or nothing for a man who is attacked by it. Good nursing and the strength of the patient's constitution are the only reliances; drugs are useless, though stimulents are sometimes helpful. But, it has been discovered that all zymotic diseases can be absolutely prevented. Carbolic acid and some other disinfectants destroy the germs of the disease, and if people could be prevailed upon to regard sanitary laws, zymotic diseases of all kinds, and yellow fever in particular, would become utterly extinct in a few years—at least in those localities where it is not indigenous.

From an article in the American Encyclopedia we condense the following account of the disease:

Yellow fever generally is abrupt in its attack; that is, it is preceded by few or no premonitions as a rule. It commences with a chill, which is often not of marked intensity. The fever varies in its intensity in different cases, as denoted by the temperature, the pulse and other symptoms. Pain in the loins and limbs is usually a prominent symptom. The fever continues for a period ranging in different cases from a few hours to three days, when it either subsides notably or entirely ceases. In mild cases convalescense now ensues; and in a certain proportion of cases the disease is mild. In grave cases the symptoms which especially denote gravity occur after this paroxysm of fever. Among these symptoms is yellowness of the skin. This, however, does not occur in all cases, being absent in very mild attacks. It denotes a certain measure of gravity, but is by no means a fatal omen. A much graver symptom is the vomiting of blood, or as it is called, the black vomit. Cases rarely end favorably when this symptom occurs. The mode of death is generally by exhaustion. The duration of the disease in fatal cases ranges from three to nine days, the average being less than a week.

How the Epidemic Began.

There are cases of yellow fever in New Orleans during almost every month in the year. The only thing that will destroy the germs of the disease, besides disinfectants, is a temperature of 32° Farenheit; below the freezing-point they cannot exist. But this temperature is rarely reached in New Orleans and the disease often continues with more or less violence during the whole year. About a month ago the poison seemed to increase all at once in potency, and yellow fever patients increased in number rapidly. No epidemic was feared at first. But suddenly the disease appeared with unexampled violence at Grenada, a town of some 1200 inhabitants in Mississippi, which had in former epidemics been a refuge to those who fled always from Orleans. The sanitary condition of the place is said to have been very bad, and within a week the town was almost depopulated; all who were not sick, and could leave, fled for their lives. In doing this they did the best thing possible under the circumstances. Surgeon-General Woodworth, of the United States Marine Hospital Service, who has had great experience in matters of this kind, says:

When yellow fever breaks out in a city among the resident population, or even after the yellow fever has assumed such virulence as in Grenada, Vicksburg and Memphis, all of the residents liable to the disease should remove as soon as possible to temporary camps upon the highest available ground at least two miles away from the infected city. This plan was adopted to some extent at Memphis, but to prevent the camp from becoming infected, as at that place, there should be an intermediate camp established, where the fleeing people should be required to tarry long enough to have their clothing and effects thoroughly disinfected. Such a precaution rigidly applied to all refugees, whether destined for temporary camps or or non-infected cities, would increase their own safety and be a better safeguard against the spread of the disease than land quarantine.

THE SOUTHERN PLAGUE.

Decrease in Mortality and Sickness.

New Orleans, September 21, 1878.—The reports of new cases of yellow fever today are:—

From the Board of Health	105
From the Howards	150
From the Young Men's Christian Association	63
Total	318

Of the cases reported by the Howards 33 are old cases not before reported. The number of deaths are 12 against 69 yesterday, a decrease of 7. Total deaths to date 2,450. The fever is decidedly on the decrease, and the cases generally for the past few days yield more readily to treatment.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 21, 1878.—The weather has cleared off bright and cool, and a more hopeful feeling prevails. For the past twenty-four hours ending at noon to-day sixty-four deaths have occurred. The Howard Association are busily employed furnishing transportation to many nurses who came here from abroad, but whose services were not needed.

At Morgan City the total number of cases to date have been 56, deaths 18, recovered, 27, under treatment, 21.

Gloomy Outlook at Brownsville.

Brownsville, Tenn., Sept. 21, 1878.—There have been twelve new cases of yellow fever reported to-day and four deaths. The outlook is gloomy. Our only telegraph operator is down. We have received four car loads of ice from Boston.

The Fever Nearly Exhausted In Grenada.

Grenada, Miss., Sept. 21, 1878.—There were two new cases here to-day and one death, Mrs. Ann Spencer. The fever is abating, but absent citizens should not venture within the limits of the city nor within an area of ten square miles until after the first frost.

Vicksburg, Miss., Sept. 21, 1878.—There were ten deaths here to-day, four colored and six whites.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for October,

Possesses such manifold attractions that we can scarcely give even a faint outline of the contents. The opening chapters (I to IV.) of "Norman Desborough's Son," a serial novel, by that brilliant writer, Frank Lee Benedict, give promise of a story of unusual power and excellence; the interest in the thrilling, and those who commence the novel will eagerly await each monthly installment. Mrs. Frank Leslie continues her charming "Scenes in Sun Lands"—her graphic description of a visit to a sugar house is peculiarly interesting. The popular authoress, Etta W. Pierce contributes "Roxie," a beautiful short story, and M. T. Calder, a capital one, entitled, "A-Countess's Hatred." An article on the "Empress Josephine" will attract especial attention; as will, also, Professor Charles A. Joy's admirable paper on "Ocean Steamers and Steam Navigation." The opening article of the number is replete with information of the "Island of Cyprus," A sketch, by R. B. Kimball, of "Earl Russell," is a very able analysis of the character of the deceased nobleman. These are a few of the leading features of this attractive publication, which overflows with amusing and instructive articles, poems, etc., etc., covering 128 quarto pages. There are 90 excellent engravings, illustrating most of the prose and poetry. The annual subscription is only $3, postpaid, and the price of a single copy 25 cents. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

The New Orleans School directors resolved that all female teachers who marry during vacation shall lose their places; their theory is that married women have a supporter, and should give way to their sisters who have none.

THE LOCAL OPTION DOG LAW.—A law making all dogs personal property was passed by the Legislature, the provisions of which are as follows: "For whatever damage dogs may do their owners shall be liable, even for the costs and attorney's fees, if the suits be taken to court. An Annual tax of fifty cents on male and one dollar on female dogs will be levied, which will be kept in a separate account by the county treasurer, from which owners of sheep shall be compensated when dogs deplete their droves, provided that the owners of the dogs cannot be ascertained. If discovered, the latter must make good the loss. Assessors are required to take an account of all dogs in their districts, with the name of the owners. If at the end of the year the amount of money in hands of the county treasurer from this source exceeds a given sum, the surplus is to be divided among the school districts. The adoption of this law is made optional in counties. A ballot shall be taken not oftener than once in two years, upon acceptance or rejection, and it will remain with the voters to pronounce upon the merits of the measure."

TWO POPULAR MAGAZINES.

Brilliant Novelties for 1879.

Ella Farmer, *Editor.* D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers.

WIDE AWAKE.

The illustrated magazine for young folks.

$2.00 a Year.

It is conceded on all sides that Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. have splendidly accomplished what they set their hearts upon a few years ago, viz: to made a magazine absolutely pure in its moral influence, unrivalled in literary merit, beautiful artistically, and then to furnish it at so low a price that the people could afford to take it.

BABYLAND.

Only Fifty Cents a Year.

The only Magazine in the World for the Babies!

Dainty stories, and pictures, and rhymes of baby life? Eight pages, thick amber paper, large print, words divided into syllables.

Just what your baby wants!

GRAHAM & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

HAVE THE FINEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES IN CENTRE COUNTY.

Ladie's fine Button Boots,	$1.75.
Ladie's Lasting Gaiters,	1.00.
Ladie's Lasting Slippers,	.60.
Ladie's Lasting Tip Gaiters,	1.25.
Ladie's Coarse Shoes,	1.00
Gent's fine Calf Boots, handmade,	3.50.
Gent's Alexis Buckle Shoes,	1.50.

All kind of PLOW SHOES for Men and Boys.

The latest style of LADIE'S FRENCH HEEL BOOTS, made on the French Last. Call and see them. A fine stock of the Best Buenos Ayres Sole Leather, Calf Skins, Reeps Lasts, Pegs, etc. always a full STOCK.

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

At the

BISHOP STREET BAKERY,

is now making the very best

BREAD, CAKES AND PIES,

in Bellefonte.

Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An Excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me. ALBERT KAUTH.

nov15

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS

S. T. Shugert, having purchased the Drug store on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next door to the hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked and filled it out with all the most popular

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY
SOAPS, COMBS AND BRUSHES,
TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES
FANCY AND TOILET
ARTICLES, &c., &c., &c.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

This Store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

19aptf S. T. SHUGERT.

LOOK! LOOK!

BARGAINS

-IN-

NEW GOODS!!

—NOW, *EINS, ZWEI, DREI,* FOR A—
—RACE TO GET THE FIRST—
—BARGAINS IN NEW GOODS—
-AT-

WM. WOLF'S

IN THE

New Bank Building.

A Full Line of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, carefully selected, and embracing all manner of

DRESS GOODS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
GROCERIES,
GLASSWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
TINWARE,
FISH, &C., &C.

Furnishing Goods

OF ALL KINDS.

NEW AND CHOICE INVOICE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

Full line of

Hats and Caps

For Men, Boys and Children.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Call and be Convinced that this is the Cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

Rememdrr the place—in the New Bank Building, opposite the Old Stand.

C. C. CONSER.
MERCHANT TAILOR.
In Bank Building, Centre Hall.

Would respectfully announe to the citizens of this vicinity that he has taken rooms in above building where he is prepared to do all kinds of work belonging to his line, for men and boys, and according to latest styles. Goods sold by sample. Having had nine years experience he guarantees all work to render perfect satisfaction, and solicits a share of the public patronage. 6dcy

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.
CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold & Coupons.
sp1006tf

We are now selling

New Pianos for $125

Each, and all styles including Grand, Square and Upright, all new and strictly first-class, at the lowest net cash wholesale factory prices, direct to the purchaser. No Agents; no commissions; no discounts. Pianos for $200, sold for $500.

MATHUSHEK'S

New Patent Duplex Overstrung Scale, which is without question the greatest improvement ever put into a Square Piano, producing the most astonishing power, richness and depth of tone, and sustaining singing quality never before attained. Our Uprights are the finest in America. Pianos sent on trial. Don't fail to write for Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue, mailed free.

MENDELSSHON PIANO CO.,
No. 21 East Fifteenth Street,
21feb sev m New York

CENTRE HALL

Hardware Store.

J. O. DEININGER,

A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.

Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.

Pictures framed in the finest style.

Anything not on hand, ordered upon shortest notice.

Remember, all goods offered cheaper than elsewhere.

Forks House!

PERRY STOVER, PROP'R.

The Forks House, at Coburn station, is new and commodious, and is kept in best manner. Bed and board second to none in the county. Stabling for 30 horses. As a summer resort it will be found all that could be desired, right in the heart of good fishing and hunting grounds, and surrounded by the most romantic scenery. 1nov

BRICK FOR SALE.—First class brick on hand for sale at Furst's Centre Hall brick yards. These brick are offered so low that it will pay persons at a distance to come here for them.

Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers. 17aug tf.

H. E. ZERBE

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own locality. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me 28 mar, y

—We print envelopes as low as $1 per thousand. Send us your envelopes. We print letter heads, and statements as low as

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd, Sept. 26,'78.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements* 20cts *per line for three insertions, and* 5 *cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 *cts. amount of one year's postage instead of* 20cts *as formerly when paid by themselves.*

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 *jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the* 1*st of January,* 1875, *and that it is time he was paying the printer.*

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 686, I. O. of O. F., meets every Thursday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
S. K. EMERICK, Sec'y. B. D. BRISBIN, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 337, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. D. C. KELLER W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—White Shirt for 75c at Guggenheimer & Co's.

—A heavy frost last Monday morning.

—The farm of Judge Love dec'd is advertised at public sale in another column.

—The new Odd Fellows Hall, at Millheim will be dedicated on the 27th inst.

—Charley Diehl has closed out his store in Haines township, and goes to Ellis county, Kansas.

—Rev. Sam'l E. Furst has been unanimously elected pastor of the Bellefonte Lutheran congregation.

—Jacob C. Walker, of Boggs, announces himself as a republican candidate for sheriff.

—Farmers go to L. L. Brown, Bellefonte, with your grain—he pays the best prices, and sells the cheapest coal.

—Sechler & Co., best and cheapest groceries in the county. Always fresh, and no poor article.

—Cloverseed will be bought and the highest Cash price paid at Guggenheimer & Co's.

—A handy stove polish, always ready for use—requirers no mixing, no dust, rust waste or brush, is convenient, and beautiful, is the Jet Paste Stove Polish, sold by Andy Reesman. Ask for a box,—women, it is cheap as it is good.

—On account of the Jewish New Year, which begins on Friday evening 27 and ends on Sabbath evening following, the store of Guggenheimer & Co. will be closed from evening of 27 to morning of 30. And on the day of Atonement, beginning Sunday eve 6 Oct. and ending Monday eve 7, the store aforesaid will also be closed on 7. Customers will kindly bear this in mind.

—The finest lot of queensware, at Sechlers, in the Bush house block. If you want something handsome for setting your table, Sechler's is the place where you find it. Their stock of queensware is thec hoicest in the central part of the state.

—Newman's clothing hall is still ahead for cheap suits. You can get the best and cheapest clothing there always. All say they save money at Newman's, and it is a fact. He has been a great benefit to the people of this county who wear breeches, by selling at so wonderfully low prices. No one will need wear poor Clothing as long as Newman is about, for he sells so low you can afford to wear decent clothing.

At about three o'clock on Saturday morning 14, fire was discovered in the agricultural works of James S. Marsh, Lewisburg, which burnt the entire establishment, Notwithstanding the efforts of the fire company, which was early at the scene of the conflagration, it was burned to the ground, the lower story of the office only being saved, and the books and papers were all safely removed. The loss is estimated at about one hundred thousand dollars; insurance, ten thousand dollars, the heaviest loss being on patterns, &c., which were very valuable. This establishment gave employment to from fifty to one hundred men. Mr. Marsh made an assignment after the fire. Cause of the fire unknown, but supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

—The finest toilet articles at F. P. Green's in the Bush house block. Also fresh drugs and medicines always on hand. Mr. Green is the oldest druggist in the county, and prescriptions are filled there with the utmost safety.

The Mifflinburg Telegraph 19 says:—Argument on the Cameron will case took place on Tuesday last before Judge Elwell, in the court house, at Lewisburg. Messrs. Wm. VanGezer, A. H. Dill, Chas. S. Wolfe and Geo. A. Guyer appeared for the contestant's, and Messrs. Geo. F. Miller &Sons, S. H. Orwig, J. T. Baker and Joshua Comley for the Executors. The contestants attorneys argued to have an issue awarded authorizing the trial of the cause in the court of common pleas before a jury, and cited law which they claimed warranted such a disposition or trial of the case. The appeal of the contestant, Mrs Mary House, which was sworn to, was read. It charges that the handwriting of the will is that of J. B. Packer, that the greater portion of the estate has been devised to his wife, and also that Mr. Cameron did not understand the the nature of the will; that it was not his will, and that he was not in proper frame of mind, and was unduly influenced, &c., &c. The opposing attorneys argued as vehemently against submitting the case to the court of common pleas and quoted law which they claimed demanded a decision in their favor. They denied the allegations set forth in the sworn appeal and specifications made by Mrs House, one of the attorneys stating that they were false, in most part, yet contestant no doubt believed them to be true. Another of the executor's attorneys stated that Mrs. H.'s information was likely obtained from the newspapers. The case occupied the entire forenoon of Tuesday. Judge Elwell reserves his decision until Friday, Nov. 8, 1878, when he will likely remand the case to the court of common pleas, or appoint a commissioner or examiner to take testimony in the case.

—Get your coffee, sugar, teas, spices, dried and canned fruit, at Sechter's, if you want a good and fresh article. They always keep the best family groceries that are in market, and you are sure of a genuine article in whatever you get. They sell at the least margin, and always deal honestly with customers. Try Sechler & Co., in the Bush house block, and you will be pleased with the quality of groceries you get, satisfied with their prices, and have the politest attention besides.

—Special inducements are offered to farmers, by Mr. Brown, successor to Shortlidge & Co., for grain. All kinds of coal always on hand at lowest possible prices.

—Farmers, if you wish to strike the best market for your grain, call on Mr. Lawrence Brown, successor to Shortlidge & Co. in coal and grain, where you will get the highest price, and meet with fair dealing.

—Lincoln ButterPowder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm. Wolf's store.

Godey's Lady's Book for October is a very attractive, and valuable work. The price has just been reduced to $2. The Lady's Book always contains a fine ladies fashion plate, with a full description of all that is interesting in dress. A sheet of patterns is also included.

—Read advertisement of C. Dinges' new grocery and confectionery. Cleve is now stocked with fresh goods, and ready for customers to whom he offers lowest prices.

—The Granger Picnic at the State College, on last Thursday, was a monstrous affair in point of members. We judge that the number of people must have been 8 to 10,000. There were acres of wagons, buggies and carriages, from all parts of this county and from adjoining counties. The woods back of the college was used for the place of meeting, where a stand was erected, decorated with plants and products of agriculture emblematic of the order of Patrons. Seats had been provided for several thousand persons. There was a good supply of music by the brass bands, of which the following were present, Centre Hall, Boalsburg, Tusseyville, Zion, Pine Grove and Pine Hall.

At 10½ a. m., Dr. Calder President of the College, sounded the gong for order, and announced the program. 1st, Firing of an artillery salute by the College cadets in front of the college grounds, to which all were invited. This to be followed by drill of the cadets by their commander. After these exercises all returned to the woods to listen to the addresses, &c.

The meeting was organized by chosing Col. Jas. F. Weaver, President, with a number of Vice Presidents, from this and neighboring counties, whose names we did not get. Secretaries: Capt. C. Dale and G. M. Boal. Prayer by Rev. Pardeaux of Pine Grove. Dr. Calder then appeared and delivered the opening address, welcoming the Patrons and all others to the place. The Dr. in his remarks referred to the purposes of the State College, and the benefit it was designed to produce in giving young men an agricultural as well as classic training. The Dr. also spoke highly of the farming class and their interests and fittingly eulegized the order of the Patrons of Husbandry.

Deputy Rhone followed in response; on behalf of the Patrons thanking the President of the Institution for his warm expressions of welcome, who with the faculty had made such admirable preparation for the comfort of the gathering. The deputy stated also that the Master of the state grange, V. E. Piolet, was present, in company with the Executive Committee of the State Grange, who had come to examine the Institution and its workings, winding up his remarks by an appeal to Patrons to cling to the order, and labor for the protection of their class.

Next speaker was patron Isaac Frain of Marion township, a hard fisted farmer, who has a voice powerful enough to break any clod turned up by his plow, and yet so plain that no one could fail to understand his utterances as he spoke right strait ahead upon the subject of the order in which he rejoiced so greatly. He made an earnest appeal to the members as co-laborers and bretheren to devote themselves with earnestness to their interests as sought for by the Order. Some objected because they had secrets, but, said he, the government and the cabinet has its secrets; the church and the family have secrets, other organizations have secrets, and why not the Grange, when its secrets do not injure others. He was President of the Patrons' Fire Insurance company, which had now got into fair headway, insurance to amount of $700,000 having been taken, $600 can be insured in it for $10, and have had three fires to pay thus far.

Adjournment for dinner followed. The entire woods, seemed to be laid with cloths on which were piled the most bountiful dinners, every thing that the appetite could crave and the stomach could wish to be crammed with, was there in abundance, and invitations to dine were freely offered to all who had not come provided. Many had large tables erected, others took God's earth for their tables; all had appetites and many basket fulls were left. We did ourselves good by surrounding some of the good things prepared by Mrs. Chr. Dale, and getting up felt that it was good for us to have been there.

At 2 o'clock address by V. E. Piolet, master of state grange. Col. P. is a good talker and can say some witty things—we have known him a quarter of a century. He spoke of the order of the patrons; their duties, that they should have a greater voice in the government; that the schools should be held as much in the interests of the farming class as it is of the other industries, that the agriculturalists are largely in the majority and should make their power felt, and gave the lawyers, who always wanted to be in the legislature, a few raps. The Colonel was frequently applauded.

The next speaker was Gen. Beaver who took exceptions to some things said by Col. Piolet about the lawyers and said that in this county it rarely happened that lawyers were elected to the legislature and that our representatives were oftener of the farming and working class than from among the lawyers, and that the legal gentlemen had some rights as well as others. The General spoke well of the farmer and felt a sincere interest in him and his class and respected the main purposes of their order. He spoke of the State College and the noble purposes for which it was formed, to advance the farmer's son and the farmer's interests equally with those who choose to follow the other pursuits of life.

At this stage we left the grounds for home. Other speakers, members of the state executive Com. addressed the audience.

POTTER DILL CLUB.

The Democracy of Potter twp. are invited to meet in Murray's Hall, on Saturday evening, 28 inst., for the purpose of organizing a Dill Club.

Let there be a full turn out! C. T Alexander, and others, will speak.

GEO. KOCH, Ch.

—David Keller advertises the valuable Brisbin farm, in Harris twp., at public sale, in another column.

—The "Conference News" devoted to the church and Sunday School interests of Central Penn'a Methodism, is to be enlarged and improved. Its special contributors compose the best men in the church. The News will be devoted to essays, sketches, notes on S. S. lessons, church news, &c. Price 50c per year. Rev. W. M. Frysinger, editor, Harrisburg.

—The valuable Emmert farm is advertised for sale in this paper.

—A great reduction has been made in furniture at W. R. Camp's, for Cash, and the best stock in the county. See him before going elsewhere.

—ENTERTAINMENT:—The closing Exhibition of the students of the Penn's Valley Institute will be given, in the M. E. Church of Centre Hall, on Saturday evening, Sept. 28. The exercises will consist of Essays, Orations, Recitations, and Songs.

An admission fee of ten cents will be charged to meet expenses. Doors open at 6, exercises to begin at 7, p. m.

The public is cordially invited to be present. G. W. FORTNEY.

—The new goods is coming in and every body ought to go and examine it, and hear the prices at Guggenheimer & Co's.

Lomer Griffin, the oldest man in the United States, died at his residence in Lodi, Ohio, last evening, aged 106.

—The choicest tobacco and finest and best segars, in town, at Dinges' new grocery.

Samuel T. Stephens, of Salinas, Cal., murdered his daughter, twenty-two years of age, took a dose of poison and then blew his own brains out—and all because of money matters.

The vigilant authorities of Cairo, Ill., have quarantined a car-load of pig-iron from East Tennessee, fearing that it may contain the germs of yellow fever.

A FAMILY OF EIGHT CHILDREN MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.

Cincinnati, September 17.—A special says: The wife of George Lynch, a respectable citizen of Hockley, Texas, died some weeks ago, leaving an infant. Lynch had seven other children, the eldest, Clemmie, aged seventeen years. On Friday night the family retired as usual, the lamp being left burning in the main room. At midnight the father was awakened by a pistol shot, the ball striking him in the breast. He sprang up and saw a masked man standing in the middle of the room pointing a pistol at him. The assassin fired again, the ball entering beneath the collar bone. Lynch fell unconscious. When he recovered consciousness, he found himself lying in a lane outside the premises. The assassin, thinking Lynch dead, seized a hatchet, and put the children, who were witnesses out of the way. He assaulted Clemmie, burying the hatchet in her head, and also crushed the skulls of three other children. He then set fire to the house. The distracted father saw the burning house fall in on the bodies of his eight children. The bodies were afterward exhumed and an inquest held, when the hatchet wounds were discovered on the skulls of the children. It is thought Lynch will recover. A young man named Boatware, with whom Lynch had a difficulty, is suspected of the crime.

From the local columns of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, we clip the following, commendatory of a firm who are liberal patronizers of our advertising columns. As our readers are aware, the Ledger seldom gives a notice of this kind, and only when it is highly deserved.

AN EXTENSIVE IMPROVEMENT—THE NEW STORE OF STRAWBRIDGE AND CLOTHIER—GROWTH OF THEIR BUSINESS.

In 1862, in an old fashioned, three-storied brick building, at the northwest corner of Eighth and Market, Justus C. Strawbridge and Isaac H. Clothier commenced the dry goods business. Their capital was not large, the ground floor of the store, not more than twenty-five feet square, and the stock of goods they had on hand, although well-selected was necessarily small. As their business increased they made several improvements, but soon their trade became too extensive for their contracted quarters, and the question how to increase their facilities which had long been under consideration, had at length to be solved. So, in 1868, the firm transferred their business to a store across the way, and commenced the erection of a building on the old site, better adapted to the increasing trade which, through fair dealing and honest effort, had grown from almost nothing to enviable proportions. The new building was five stories high, the first story of the Market street front being of iron, and the other stories of Pictou stone. The Eighth street front was of brick.

As soon as the new building was completed (in the latter part of '68) the firm took possession of it, and their fame and reputation, already well founded in the city, soon spread through the surrounding country, and the result was an unexpectedly large increase of patronage. In 1870 they were again compelled to increase their facilities, and this time they extended their building along Eighth street 33 feet, making their store 100 feet deep, the frontage of 42 feet remaining the same. The increase in their business was still so marked and rapid that the firm were again puzzled as to what they should do for more room. To the west of them there were two buildings (805 and 807 Market street) for sale, and these they immediately purchased, and soon afterward bought the store at 809. The three buildings had a frontage of 48 feet and run back a distance of 103 feet. Early this year they decided to utilize this newly-acquired property, and on June 1st the demolition of the buildings was commenced, with a view to erecting upon the premises an addition to the firm's already commodious store. The improvement has just been completed, and on Monday last the whole building, which, by the way, is one of the largest and best arranged mercantile houses in the city, will be thrown open for the inspection of the public.

The building as it now stands presents a handsome appearance, its frontage being 90 feet, depth 103, and height five stories. The architecture and material of the old and new parts are the same, and immediately in the rear, fronting on Filbert avenue, have been erected the counting rooms and offices of the establishment. The Market street front of the structure as it now is has no superior in appearance among the business houses along that thoroughfare It is regular and symmetrical, being broken only in the centre by the main entrance on the ground floor, large sunken windows above and a tower, or observatory, springing from the roof. To heighten the architectural appearance, there has been constructed, of galvanized iron, a roof bearing some relation to the French mansard.

The internal arrangements of the building are complete. On the first floor, a spacious and well-lighted area, there are many circular and straight counters and in the centre of the room, equally handy to all the clerks, are accommodations for four cashiers and those employed to wrap and pack the goods sold. Each counter is devoted to some particular line of goods, and there are displayed in profusion silks, gloves, dress materials of all kinds, cloths, cashmeres, hosiery, underwear, fancy goods, dress trimmings, domestic and foreign cottons, etc. Back are the counting rooms and offices, and immediately adjoining the sale counter is a dark room where the right hues and tints of the silk on sale are shown.

The floor above is handsomely fitted up and richly carpeted. This is the ready-made goods department of the establishment, where ladies' underwear, wraps, suits, cloaks, shawls, etc., are sold. Parlors and retiring rooms are in connection with this department.

The third floor is principally used as a sewing room, where much of the ready made stock of the firm is prepared. On the same floor is the mail order department, where the wants of the people living out of the city are attended to.

The fourth and fifth floors are used as examination and storage rooms. To this place all goods are sent for examination before being placed upon the counters, and here, also, duplicates of stock in hand are kept stored.

In the basement of the old part of the building is where linens, blankets, &c., are kept on sale, while the basement of the new part is devoted to several purposes. Here are the engines and boilers, which furnish the building with steam, and the freight and passenger elevators (the first of which leads to the ground floor, and the latter to the fifth story,) with motive power There are also in this department the package-room, dining room, coat room and lavatories

In the whole store about 250 men and women are employed, and all conveniences for their comfort, it would seem, as well as facilities for the firm's patrons, have been provided.

SYNOPSIS OF THE GAME AND FISH LAW.

Deer, except spotted fawns, may be killed from October 1 to December 15. Penalty $50. Dogs running deer may be killed by any person, except in the counties where such hunting is permitted by special acts.

Squirrels may be killed from September 1 to January 1. Penalty $5 for each squirrel.

Rabbits can be taken from October 15 to January 1. Penalty $5.

Wild turkeys can be taken from October 15 to January 1. Penalty $10.

No wild fowl, which includes ducks, geese, pigeons, &c., can be killed between May 15 and September 1, under a penalty of $10.

Woodcock may be killed from July 4 to January 1, and upland or grass plover from July 15 to January 1. Penalty $10 in each case.

Pheasants may be killed from October 1 to January 1. Penalty $10.

Rail or reed birds are to be killed only during the months of September, October and November. Penalty $5.

Sec. 12. No person shall at any time within this State, kill, trap or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any night hawk, whip-poor-will, sparrow, thrush, lark, finch, martin, chimney swallow, barn swallow, woodpecker, flicker, robin, oriole, red or cardinal bird, cedar bird, tanager, cat bird, blue bird or any other insectiverous bird, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird killed, trapped, exposed for sale or had in possession.

Robbing or destroying nests of any wild birds except hawks, crows and other predatory birds, is prohibited under a penalty of $10.

Killing wild pigeons on their nesting grounds, or firing guns within one-fourth of a mile of such nesting place is prohibited under a penalty of $20. Citizens of the state can be licensed to trap or catch pigeons away from their roosts except during the nesting season by paying $50

Nets, traps, snares or torchlight are prohibited to be used in killing wild turkeys, partridges, woodcock, rail or reed birds under a penalty of $10, and any person may destroy such nets, traps, &c., wherever found.

Sunday hunting or fishing is prohibited under a penalty of $25.

Trout are to be caught with rod, hook and line only during April, May, June and July, under a penalty of $10, and all net fishing in trout streams is prohibited under a penalty of $25.

Trespassing on lands for the purpose of taking fish from any private pond, stream or spring used for propagating game fish, after public notice of the owner or occupant, is prohibited under a penalty of $100.

Fish baskets, gill nets, pond nets, eel wiers, kiddles, brush or facine nets or any other permanently set means of taking fish, are prohibited under a penalty of $25 Seine fishing is prohibited under a penalty of $25, except for shad with seines of three inches mesh.

Sec. 24 It shall be lawful to fish with fyke or hoop nets in any of the streams of this Commonwealth uninhabited by brook or speckled trout, during the months of March, April, May, September, October and November in each year: Provided, That the meshes of said nets shall not be less than one inch in size, and that said net or nets shall not be placed at the confluence of any wing-walls, either newly made or abandoned. And provided further, That it shall be the duty of any one taking or capturing by means of any fyke or hoop net as aforesaid, any salmon, bass, trout, speckled trout, pike, pickerel or every kind of fish introduced into any waters of this Commonwealth by the authority of same for the purpose of stocking the said waters, to return the same alive to the waters whence taken; the violation of any of the provisions of this section shall subject the offender to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each and every offense.

Black bass, pike and salmon can be caught with hook and line, scroll or spear from June 1 to January 1. All bass under six inches in length must be returned to the water. The general length of a man's hand is about seven inches, so that any one can tell what he ought to keep. Penalty $10.

No person is allowed to catch game fish by shutting or drawing off waters, or dragging or drawing small nets or seines therein when so drawn off under a penalty of $10.

The using of quicklime, poisonous bait, any torpedo, giant powder or other explosive substances for killing fish, is prohibited under a penalty of $50.

The catching of bait fish by means of hand nets or cast nets is not prohibited.

Lake bass, rock bass, or blue sun fish, species recently introduced by the fish commissioners, shall not be caught for three years, from January 1, 1878 under a penalty of five dollars for each offense.

The sale of pheasants, partridges and woodcock, is allowed for a period of fifteen days after the time limited for killing the same has expired.

SPRING MILLS.

Mr. D. C. Keller lost three very fine hogs on last Thursday, while driving from Centre Hall to this place, they were so overcome by the heat that they died on the road on Friday morning. Mr. Keller shipped a car load of sheep and hogs, and on Saturday morning there was six car loads of cattle shipped from this place which were brought from the Western part of Ohio.

An attempt was made to rob Cap. Hassenplugs Store on Wednesday night last, but the burglars were routed and left in such a hurry that they left their tools on the ground, they tried to break in at the back window by boring the window shutter off but it was a failure.

The Sabbath school pic-nic of this place was quite a success; after paying all expenses the committee paid over some $40 to the Treasurer for the use of the school, so much for semi-Centennial at Spring Mills.

T. B. Jameson looks much better since the nomination last Tuesday.

Krumrine is buying lots of wheat for shipment.

I. J. Grenoble has his store house packed full of wheat, build it larger I. J. or you can't accommodate your customers.

David Borrel sold his house and lot to George Krape for $1400. X.

REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

Greenbackers are fast "playing out."

Apple cider sells from $2.50 to $3.00 per barrel.

Potatoes are very scarce about here.

Farmers boast of half a corn crop.

Peaches are plenty at $1.25 per bu.

The schools of Miles twp were awarded to the following teachers on last Saturday by the board:

Madisonburg—C. C. Lose and L. C. Leitzell.

Harters'—C. O. Mallory.

Rebersburg—Wm. Carlon and C. L. Gramley.

Gramleys'—G. S. Frank.

Wolfe's Store—A. E. Wolfe.

Brumgarts'—J. C. Morris.

Stovers'—John DeLong.

The salary ranges from $26 to $33 per month.

A few nights ago a young fellow of this place attempted to rob Samuel Franck's Store. When he was about to crawl in through the window he was caught by L. B. Frank and asked what he wanted, upon which the thief replied, "You know." He begged mercy at the "feet" of Franck and as yet is running at will.

The picnic on last Saturday, at the east end of the valley, was a grand success. Three schools were present and had any amount of good things to eat. The music was excellent. The speeches were first-class. The amusements very entertaining.

Our quiet little valley has been infested by tramps very much for the last few weeks. Last week one day Samuel Brumgart's boiled applebutter until midnight, and after they retired somebody entered their summer house, stole a lot of butter, pies and bread, also a pair of pants and four razors. The razors were not missed until Mr. Brumgart wanted to shave. You may well imagine the effect.

On last Saturday somebody broke into Henry Korman's house while he stepped out in order to take a short walk. They stole some money and jewelry. We have not learned the amount taken.

Mrs. Abbey Miller has had her house remoddled and it presents a first class appearance. The east end of town is first best at present.

On last Friday night somebody broke into Spigelmyers store. They gained entrance by the cellar and cut their way through a door into the main room. They captured a few pair of shoes a revolver and other things too numerous to mention. Shem allowed that they would have taken more had the goods not been marked so high. The boys are on the thief's track. Lo and behold, the favorite of a thriving business. Hew Mor.

Tariff Tinkering.

The 41st congress, in session in 1869-70 passed a bill reducing the tariff on a number of articles. The duty on pig-iron was lowered in that bill from $9.00 to $7.00 per ton. See Congressional Globe for proceedings and vote in detail on the passage of the bill. The Forty-first congress was largely republican in the house of representatives, and in the senate by a two-thirds majority. This bill to reduce the tariff became a law through the signature of Ulysses S. Grant. The Forty-second congress, in session in 1871-2, passed what is commonly known as the Dawes tariff bill, by which a general reduction of ten per cent. on all articles of import was made. The duty on pig iron was again reduced in this bill. From $7,00 per ton it went down to $6,30 at which it stands to-day. The ten per cent. reduction bill was introduced in the house of representatives by Hon. Henry L. Dawes, then chairman of the committee of ways and means. After prolonged debate and some unimportant additions and amendments the house passed the bill on the 20th of May 1872, by a vote of 149 to 61. Among the republicans voting for the bill were N. P. Banks, Benjamin F. Butler, Henry L. Dawes, Charles Foster (Ohio), J. A. Garfield, George F. Hoar, G. W. M'Crary (now secretary of war), Samuel Shellabarger, James N. Tyner (afterwards postmaster general), W. A. Wheeler (now de facto Vice President) and Jeremiah M. Wilson. These were the leaders of the republican side of the house in that congress. The house was largely republican, but scarcely more than one-fourth of the republican members recorded their votes against the passage of the bill. See for detailed vote Congressional Globe for the Forty-second congress, page 3652.

THE LAW OF PUBLIC SALES.—In a sale by auction there are three parties, namely: the owner of the property to be sold, the auctioneer and a portion of the public who attend to bid, which, of course includes the highest bidder. The name of the owner must be made public. The articles put up must be sold without reserve and unless the vendor reserves one open bid he cannot bid himself or have the auctioneer or any one bid for him. There are cases on record where a bid was not reserved, and the vender had a bidder who bought it in, and afterwards suit was brought against the vendor by the highest outside bidder for the article and it was decided that he (the plaintiff) was the highest bidder and entitled to the article, against the vendor. So, also, if an article is struck off to a person, and it is afterwards ascertained that the vendor or auctioneer practiced fraud, by holding himself, or had puffers, it was held both by the Courts of England and so repeatedly decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania that the purchaser could not be held, but the purchaser as soon as he discovers the fraud practiced upon him must return or tender the articles to the vendor.

The Cheyenne *Leader* mentions the arrival at that place of a man and wife who made the journey all the way from Pennsylvania on foot. They were on their way to Nevada to take up a homestead, and designed to continue their journey as they had commenced it, not having the means to travel by rail.

An Austrian general has been credited with the witty remark that his countrymen went into Bosnia to occupy it, and are likely to be occupied.

Deputy United States Marshal, with a detatchment, has left Galveston to arrest Col. Martinez and about thirty of his followers, for violating the neurality laws by raising a force on American soil to invade Mexico last May.

Albert Mellen, who died recently at Dallas, Tex., was ordered to work on the Vicksburg fortifications, and when he refused would have been compelled to do so by negro soldiers had he not seized a hatchet lying near at hand and struck off his own left hand at the wrist. He waved the bloody stump in the Federals' faces with triumph, and never to the day of his death did he regret the act.

Cincinnati, September 19.—A dispatch from Portsmouth, Ohio, states that over 2,000 acres of corn have been destroyed in the Scioto Valley by the recent flood.

Berlin, September 19.—The government has received official notification from Russia, Austria and France of the acceptance by these powers of Prince Bismarck's invitation to join with Germany in active mediation between Turkey and Greece, in favor of the latter power. The English government has refused to co-operate, and Italy's adhesion is declared to be conditional on unamanity of the other powers.

George Wenrich, of Reading, who left home twenty years ago and was long since considered dead, returned a few days ago and tells a wonderful story of how he spent seventeen years as a prisoner of a tribe of savages in the interior of Africa.

Paris, September 19.—M. Leon Gambetta, in a speech at Romans yesterday, said that President MacMahon will not resign; he ought not and cannot take such a step. Gambetta bitterly attacked the clericals, who, he said, where the real social danger at the present time.

For hog cholera use a mixture of soft soap and milk. Pour soap suds of wash days into the swill barrels, it will make hogs thrive.

London, September 20,—The government has ordered the emancipation of all slaves on the island of Cyprus.

NEW

Grocery and Confectionery,

AT CENTRE HALL.

The undersigned has opened a new Grocery and Confectionery, and will always keep a full line of goods, at lowest possible prices, and kindly asks a share of the public patronage. His stock consists of

COFFEES,
SUGERS, TEAS, SYRYPS,
SOAPS, SALT.

All kinds of
CHOICE TOBACCOES AND SEGARS,
and all fruits of the season generally in Stock.
BEST SWEET POTATOES.

Also a full line of CONFECTIONERIES
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange.

I sell low for CASH and PRODUCE.
26sept y C. DINGES.

Washington *Post*: "All the theology in the world has never succeeded in answering the child's question, 'Why dosen't God kill the devil?'"

The Chinese of Sanfrancisco have given $1,200 to the yellow-fever sufferers' fund.

Gen. Howard has 1,000 surreudered Indians of different tribes.

Internal revenue collections for the year ending June 30, 1878, $132,024,409.

The fever is decreasing in New Orleans but spreading in the interior.

MARRIED.

On 22d, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Jacob F. Lyons and Mary C. Geistwhite, both of Bellefonte, Pa.

DIED.

In Curtin twp, August 12, Nathan, son of John and Susanna A. Miller, aged 5 years and 14 days.

In Curtin twp, Aug. 27, John, son of John and Susanna A. Miller, aged 1 year, 4 months and 16 days.

In Curtin twp, Sept. 7, Alfred, son of John and Susannah A. Miller, aged 3 years, 5 months and 5 days.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—Estate of Ezra D. Brisbin, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, made in the matter of the partition of the Real Estate of said decedent, the undersigned, Trustee appointed by said order, will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry, on the premises near

BOALSBURG, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, the following described REAL ESTATE, late of said Ezra D. Brisbin, viz:

No. 1. A Valuable Farm, situate in Harris township, adjoining lands of Geo. Fortney, B. F. Brown, Daniel Musser, and others, containing about

One Hundred and Fifty Acres,

more or less, all under cultivation; thereon erected a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, a log Barn and other outbuildings. There is a good ORCHARD on the premises and several NEVER-FAILING SPRINGS OF EXCELLENT WATER, convenient to house and barn. The farm is just on the outskirts of Boalsburg, in close proximity to schools and churches, etc.

No. 2. The undivided half of a tract of MOUNAIN LAND, in the township of Harris, adjoining lands of Moses Thompson, Jonathan Tressler, Robert Galbraith and others, containing about thirty-eight and three-fourths acres.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash upon confirmation of sale, balance in one and two years, with interest, to be secured by bonds and mortgage on the premises. Sale to begin at 1 o'clock, p. m.

DAVID KELLER,
sep26 Trustee to Sell, etc.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Sophia Minnich, late of Gregg township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

JOHN MINNICH,
19 sep 6t. Admr.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!—By order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, the following described property of W. W. Love, deceased, situate in Potter twp., Centre county, will be offered at public sale, on Friday, Oct. 18: One FARM containing

103 ACRES, more or less;

bounded by lands of John Stoner on the west; on the north by lands of Jacob Strohm; on the east by lands of From's; south by lands of William Rishel and others. The farm is well watered, a never-failing spring of cold limestone water near the house, also a well of never failing water at the barn, with good pump in it; large cistern at the house. Improvements: A large TWO-STORY HOUSE, with kitchen and wash-house attached, a FRAME BANK BARN, 80 by 45 feet, with horse-power shed attached. A good frame wagon shed and corn house, 40 by 20 feet, pig pen and wood house.

A Bearing Orchard of Choice Fruit on the premises.

This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain and grass, nearly all limestone land. It is within one-half mile of two churches, school house, post office, store and blacksmith shops. Also a tract of good TIMBERLAND, situated on Tussey mountain, bounded by lands of S. Wingert, Andy Jordan and John Allen, containing 33 ACRES, more or less. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m., when terms will be made known.

JANE LOVE,
G. M. BOAL,
19 sept Administrators.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Decker, late of College twp., deceased, having been granted to the under signed, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law, for settlement.

DANIEL HESS,
JAMES GLENN,
Executors.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED.—Only those who mean business, and desire to make from $2 to $15 per day need apply. Send 1 cent Stamp for particulars. REV. S. T. BUCK,
Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa.
19 sep 4t

Spring Mills O. K!

NEW ROOM! NEW GOODS!

at I. J. Grenoble's Store!

SPRING MILLS,

has the goods. Largest stock!

SELECTION UNSURPASSED!

Prices Lower than Ever,

And now extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons, and public generally.

Also a Complete Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men and boys. Suits as low as to be had in the city.

Imported and Domestic

DRYGOODS!

Full lines of
MERINO UNDERWEARS,

For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

Hosiery, Gloves, Boots and Shoes, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

And the most complete assortment of

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The Fall Season for the year 1878 is now opening and a New and EXCELLENT STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS IS COMING IN

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Also has the agency of the South Bend Chilled Plow for this county.

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS

Spring Mills Market.

—Old wheat 90, new 90.
No 2 wheat 85
Rye, 45c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, .40c
Oats, 22c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed, $8.00 to $4.00
Chop, per ton, $23.00.
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Flour, per bbl $5.00
Butter, 15c.
Tallow, 7c.
Hams 12c.
Shoulders 8c.
Sides 8c.
Rags, 2c.
Eggs per doz., 15c.
Tub washed wool 35c,

PRIVATE SALE.—A CHOICE FARM AND HOUSE AND LOT.—The following described property, of John Emmert, dec'd, situate in Harris twp., Centre county, one FARM, containing one hundred and thirty-three acres more or less, bounded by lands of B. Everhart, dec'd, James Glenn, McFarlan, Dr. Henderson, dec'd, and others, is offered at private sale. The farm is well watered, a never failing stream of water running through the farm and within thirty yards of the barn, also, a well of never-failing water at the house, with good pump in it. The improvements are a large FRAME HOUSE, two stories high, almost new, a FRAME BANK BARN, forty-five by eighty feet and all other necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain; is all limestone land. A large ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.

For particulars inquire of Wm. Wertz on the farm

Also one HOUSE and LOT situated in Boalsburg, Centre county, the house is 2 stories high, with kitchen attached to it, and all necessary outbuildings, also a good stable, a never failing well of water with good pump. The lot is well set with fruit trees of best quality.

Also 2 acres and 128 perches of excellent land situated near the German Reformed church in Boalsburg, within two squares of above house

JOSIAH NEFF, Executor of J. Emmert, dec'd. Sept 5 tf

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POPULAR.

Furniture Rooms!

CENTRE HALL, PA.:

I manufacture all kinds of Furniture for Chambers, Dining Rooms, Libraries and Halls.

If you want Furniture of any kind, don't buy

The Office of the Soil.

At first view it may appear a very ample question to inquire what the soil does or what to the farmer its office is in the economy of nature; but when we look a little farther and begin to notice the result of the different conditions in which it is found, and of various methods of treatment, the subject widens, and its importance begins to be comprehended.

In the first place, the soil is a plant food-holder. It receives and holds the food washed out of the atmosphere by rains, and what it absorbs from contact with fertilizing matters applied in any manner, and also from what is dissolved from its own element. It is nature's grand alembic whence is evolved those matters that constitute the food of plants, and make up their structure from the time the seed enters the soil and through all stages of the growth of the plant until its perfect fruition into ripened product.

The processes that go on during this time are truly wonderful, and the chemical changes that take place under the operations of nature are full of interest, as well as value, especially to the farmer. These changes are produced by the action of laws operating on the plant both below and above the surface of the soil.

A while ago it was thought that to produce plants abundantly it was necessary that the soil should contain a large quantity of organic matter; but it has been found that some soils are very fertile which contain a small per cent. of organic matter, while others which possess as high as thirty or forty per cent. are not fertile; consequently that idea has been discarded. The richest soils, if lacking in a single essential in organic element, and badly managed, produce poor crops, while a poor soil often gives a good crop in the hands of an intelligent, prudent and skillful farmer. This and other controversies in which learned writers and experimenters during an extended period are settled, and we know now that the soil to produce good crops must contain both mineral and nitrogenous elements in suitable proportions. We have learned that a plant requires all the organic elements—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen—and that beside these there are a number of inorganic elements that enter into the structure of every plant, among the most essential of which are lime, potash and phosphoric acid. In a peculiar species of plants these elements always exist in the same proportion; the same elements which are found to-day in a stalk of corn have always been found in precisely the same proportions, and always will be found there to the end of time. The development of the plant may vary with circumstances, but the relative quantity of its constituents is always the same.

To supply to plants the food required for their life and health, and to produce he best returns, is what is required of the soil. To enable it to do this, we must use it properly—supply it with the matters required, in order that it may honor the drafts made upon it. We keep it in good heart, and by judicious management, instead of allowing it to deteriorate, constantly increase its fertility.—*Western Rural.*

A Picture in Hair.

In the show windows of a sewing machine company in New York city, is an allegorical political picture representing the condition of France at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. Doubtless many persons pass it with a mere glance, not knowing that the entire picture is made of fine hair. It is the work of M. P. Leon, who claims to be the only living artist in hair. It took him six months and a half to finish the picture, which now looks as though made with charcoal or crayon, so perfect is the shading.

It is four feet three inches long by three feet two inches high. In the center and foreground stand President Thiers and a female figure of the Republic, supporting France, which is represented by a wounded female in semi-prostrate position. In the background are the villages of France, partly devastated by the war. On the extreme left, and in the background, is a female figure brandishing a flaming torch, while closely pursuing her is a soldier of the new born Republic. This represents the Paris Commune. Below this, and in the foreground, is the grave of Napoleon, with a dead eagle lying on it. By the side of this is a blasted tree, representing the departed glory of the dead hero. On the right, and some distance from the central figure of France, are standing two female figures, hand in hand, looking earnestly at France, while behind them stands a German soldier on guard. This represents the province of Alsace and Lorraine, guarded by German. Winding through the right and center background is a river, representing the line of demarkation between France and Germany. Just to the left of the central figures, and in the background, are bales of cottons, pillars, and a ship, representing commerce, agriculture, and architecture revived in France since the birth of the new Republic. In the heavens, to the right of the central figures, is the Spirit of the Universe, with outstretched hands, offering France money where-with to pay Germany. As a whole the picture is well designed and skillfully worked.

Mutilated Currency.

A New York correspondent writes: The Treasury does a heavy amount of business since the specie received at the Custom House for duties is deposited here daily. This is equal to $3,000,000 a week, and indicates the immense amount of our importations. The redemption of mutilated currency is another feature in this institution. As our government has $400,000,000 greenbacks in circulation, the "wear and tear" must be incessant, and at least one-tenth of this sum is annually exchanged for new money. The amount of this business seems controlled by peculiar motions of internal traffic. The receipts of mutilated currency increase from the beginning of January to the 1st of August, and then they slacken until the close of the year. During last July the amount was $700,000 a week. The worn-out money is tied up by the clerks in packages a foot and a half square, which are then packed in chests and dispatched to Washington. The amount thus sent would fill two enormous Saratoga trunks every week.

The Inventor of Photography.

The inventor of photography was Joseph Nicephore Niepce, born March 7th, 1765, in Chalon-sur-Saone. After serving in the army for one year, he was obliged by severe illness to resign, and was appointed civil administrator to the district of Nice, which post he held from 1795 to 1801. He afterwards devoted himself to chemistry, and as early as 1813 made a series of investigations, which he styled hilliographic researches, to find the means of fixing images upon metallic plates by the agency of light. In 1829 he entered into copartnership with Daguerre, who had been engaged upon the same problem. He died July 5th, 1833, before he had perfected his his discovery. Such is an outline in brief of the great inventor's life, to whose memory it is now proposed to raise a statue. For this purpose a committee has been appointed consisting of citizens in his native town of Chalon-sur-Saone, with a view of soliciting subscriptions at large, the intention being to make the project of an international character.

The Howard Association.

The Howard Association, which has been so nobly doing its best to alleviate the misery of the yellow fever scourge, is an organization which was formed at New Orleans during the prevalence of the same plague in 1853. It took its name from the famous English philanthropist, John Howard, and it is a society permanently established to provide nurses, medical treatment and provisions for sufferers by yellow fever. It has spread to all places liable to its terrible visitations. Its members sink individuality in the name of the association, and they are whole-souled men, pledged to stand shoulder to shoulder in devoting their own time and means and contributions of the charitable to relieving those whom a panic-stricken community hastens to desert.

THE MACHINE THAT SPEAKS.

Edison and His Experts Perfecting the Phonograph—The Result of Recent Experiments—Problems Yet Unsolved.

"Mr. Edison," said the *Graphic* reporter to the inventor, "how about the phonograph? We don't hear so much of it as we did."

"No, we don't, and it is a good thing for the phonograph. It was talked almost to death at first, but during this refreshing silence the phonograph is improving very fast. Come up to the shop, by-the-way."

And we went with him up to the phonograph manufactory, 104 Wooster street. There we found Professor E. H. Johnson, secretary of the Phonograph Company, in charge, surrounded by noise and machinery. "You may say this for the phonograph," said Mr. Johnson, "that it is making faster strides towards perfection than any other invention this country has produced. Those who became familiar with the first machines turned out here would hardly know that splendid phonograph yonder, would scarcely recognize either its shape or its voice"—and he stepped to the bench and sang into the mouthpiece. Throwing it out of gear and shoving the cylinder back with one movement he turned the wheel again and the song was reproduced with a sharpness and accuracy of inflection that we had never seen before.

"That is our model machine," said Edison, "and Johnson is practicing on it every day, determined to make it perfect."

"Anybody," said Professor Johnson, "who has used the phonograph very much knows that there are times once in a while when for a moment the machine will reproduce the voice with an accuracy of articulation and fulness of volume which it does not ordinarily attain. Then it will suddenly lose the power, and the operator searches in vain for the secret. I am looking for the conditions required to perpetuate that excellence which is now only occasional. I find that three conditions are required."

"Are these conditions which you speak of purely mechanical and such as can be ascertained by experiment?"

"Oh, certainly. The first is an adjustable mouth-piece, so as to regulate the tympanum and control the amplitude of the vibrations of the plate. Another need is to ascertain the precise angle at which the needle should turn. The third is to learn the very best material of which to make the foil, or receiving tablet. The first of these I have already provided for by putting in the mouthpiece with a thread. The second I am experimenting on by making the needle adjustable. Concerning the third, we are still undecided. Beisdes, you see we have made a groove lengthwise of the cylinder, for the purpose of fastening the foil on easily, and a new and simple adjustment of the needle by screws. Then this arrangement by which we throw the cylinder to the left, instead of having to turn it back all the way. And some other things that we can't tell the public yet."

"One fact," continued Mr. Johnson, "we have established in our experiments is that the articulation of the instruments is perfect just in proportion as the workmanship is skilful and the parts are accurately made and put together. This is to a great extent a protection against counterfeiting and infringement of patent."

"Then," said the *Graphic*, "the instruments now on exhibition throughout the country are very imperfect?"

"They are, indeed. They are as good as we could make at the time with our limited knowledge of the conditions, and they are very curious. But this is what I want to bear in mind," said Mr. Johnson, earnestly, "that steady improvements are being made in the phonograph, and our company will certainly succeed in turning out a machine which will be widely demanded for its practical utility."

Mr. Johnson continued: "Now, there is something else we will show you. We will talk to the phonograph here, and then, when we go down town to our headquarters, we will send it to you by attaching a telephone to the mouthpiece of the phonograph. Here, Edison, you express yourself."

Mr. Edison thereupon sat down to the large and handsome machine, threw it into adjustment by a movement of his finger, and sang into the mouth piece upon the mica disk, which has been substituted for the iron disk in the machines first made, the following pathetic song:

There is a boarding house
Not far away,
Where they have onion hash
Three times a day;
Oh, how the boarders yell
When they hear the dinner bell;
Oh, how the onions smell
There every day!

After passing through the establishment and seeing the admirable way in which the hundred new phonographs were being made by the ingenious machinist, Mr. S. Bergmann, Mr. Edison and the *Graphic* embassador took the car down town, where they heard the phonograph repeat its epicurean anthem through the telephone, with all of Edison's strong inflections. The company was full of confidence concerning the future.—*New York Graphic.*

The Consumption of Timber.

We have now about 90,000 miles of railroad; the annual consumption for ties or sleepers alone is 40,000,000, or thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres. To fence these roads would require at least 130,000 miles of fence. We have 75,000 miles of wire, which requires in its putting up 800,000 trees, while the annual repairs must take 300,000 more. The little, insignificant lucifer match consumes annually in its manufacture 300,000 cubic feet of the finest pine. The bricks that are annually baked require 2,000,000 cords of wood, which would sweep the timber clean from 50,000 acres. Shoe-pegs are quite as important an article as matches or bricks, and to make the required annual supply consumes 100,000 cords of fine timber, while the manufacturer of lasts and boot-trees takes 500,000 cords of maple, beech and birch, and about the same amount is required for plane-stocks and the handles of tools. The packing-boxes made in the United States in 1874 amounted to $12,000,000, while the timber manufactured into agricultural implements, wagons, etc., is more than $100,000,000. The farm and rural fences of the country consume an immense amount of lumber and timber annually, but as we grow older as a nation this consumption may, and probably will, be reduced by the more general use of live fences or hedges. Our consumption of timber is not only daily on the increase, but our exportation of timber is also rapidly increasing. Our staves go by the million to France annually; walnut, oak, maple, and pine to England, and spars and docking timber to China and Japan.—*Lumberman's Gazette*

Oil for Watches.

Some interesting hints concerning watch-springs and oil have appeared in the columns of the *Watchmaker*. When a main-spring is cleaned, most inexperienced workmen, remarks this journal, will take hold of one end and pull the spring about half its length, straight out, to save time—a practice which will break springs when nothing else will, and springs treated thus generally break after the watch has been delivered to the customer only a few days. Breaking into many pieces is owing to the acid in the oil which is used. Thus, supposing the mainspring a fine one, and to have been evenly tempered and properly cleaned—if, now, old oil is used, or that of an inferior quality if fresh, the acid it contains will eat into the spring, and finally destroy its texture; the coil nearest the center breaks first, and as it recoils it breaks every coil there is in the barrel, and sometimes each coil is broken twice, the fact being that the spring has become so impregnated with acid that it has no life left. To make the oil pure, take a good-sized bullet, or other piece of lead, which has a thick coating of lead rust, cut it up fine, put into the oil, and have it stand for two weeks. This causes the acid to settle, and it then resembles milk at the bottom; on being poured off the top, the oil is in a pure state. Common clock oil can be treated in this manner and made better than some watch oil.

WESTERN FARM LIFE.

Culture Upon the Prairies—The Peculiar Humor of the West.

Quite often, in the course of my rambles, I have found Western farm houses furnished in exquisite taste from library to kitchen. Chairs, tables, carpets, curtains and pictures, in many of our country homes, have been chosen with a correctness of judgment rarely evinced by a large class of most excellent city folk. In the matter of books, a farmer of the better class generally selects with great care and with a view to solid mental food. But a taste for light fiction, poetry, music and painting is not wanting. It is surprising, indeed, to find how generally the works of the leading British and American poets and novelists are read among the rural classes of the West. The younger American poets are as well known, by their writings, West as East. 'Even Hawthorne, whom to read and appreciate is high evidence of literary taste and intelligence, has found very many of his sincerest admirers inside the homes of the "Hoosier" and the "Buckeye." Not long since, while sojourning for a fortnight or so on the shore of one of our Western lakes, I had the pleasure of spending several evenings at a farm house where, as a member of the family for the time, I was allowed to hear one of George Eliot's novels read aloud by the farmer's daughter. Everywhere in the West the leading literary journals, both weekly and monthly, are subscribed for by farmers, for the pleasure and instruction of their families, while many of them take a daily paper. But, despite all that can be said to the contrary, the *genus rusticus*, which has by some one been rendered into English and made to mean "rusty cuss," still largely asserts itself in our rural region—a genus of the copperas breeches, ginger-cake-loving ilk, to whom we owe the racy, soil-flavored smack of original humor peculiar to the Ohio and Mississippi river valleys. Farm life in the West seems to have developed broad, comic-humorous ways of speech and it cannot be denied that much of this humor, coarse though it is, possesses the inimitable charm of outright home manufacture. Through certain of our local Western journals the world has of late caught very distinct glimpses of it. But I am sure that the best Western humor has never yet been reduced to type. It is scattered about in rural neighborhoods, and most of it is finally lost by being carelessly thrown aside as "old." Most of what has been given to the world, in books and months ly magazines, as Western humor, has been first put through a refining process of doubtful doctoring, by which something more than a mere modicum of the home flavor has been allowed to exhale. It may be enunciated as a rule that the more ignorant class of Western farmer discovers a far quicker and finer sense of humor than does the somewhat educated and refined class. So soon as a smattering of books and newspapers get into a clod the sharp salt of the earth seems to go out, and there comes self-consciousness and a straining after unnatural effects.—*Maurice Thompson in Scribner.*

A Scheme of Murder.

A San Francisco correspondent of a New England paper relates the following incident, which is said to have occurred some time ago at the Palace Hotel in that city. "A gentlemanlike young man calls upon a banker, 'wishing to change a large amount of gold for paper money' of a certain denomination. The banker promised to have funds ready next morning, and the gentleman giving his name and the number of his room, takes leave, promising to bring (or to have brought) the bag of gold at the appointed hour. The morning comes, and the hour, but the gentleman does not make his appearance. A little later, however, the banker receives a note saying that Mr. —— had been taken sick during the night, and felt unable to leave his bed; but that if the bills could be sent to his room the gold was ready and would be paid. A clerk was dispatched with the bank bills, but he was accompanied by a police officer in citizen's dress, who waited in the corridor while the clerk entered room No. —. He found Mr. —— in bed, who requested him to count the contents of the rouleaux on the table and see if the amount was correct. The clerk sat down with his back to the bed and was intent on counting, when his eye for one moment wandered to the mirror over the bureau opposite him. In it he saw the sick man creeping toward him with a hatchet raised in his hand. In one moment he grasped him in his arms, and calling 'help'.was able with the officer to secure the villian. Upon examining his effects his diary was found prepared to prove insanity in case he had been taken after the murder. The whole scheme had been long in preparation. He had even written to a wealthy man previously asking a consultation with him in his room on business. But no notice was taken of the letter."

How Spiders Fly.

Many observations have been made on this singular phenomenon, says a French paper, but hitherto with but little success. However, a well-known naturalist, Rev. H. McCook, has for some time past turned his attention to the subject, and has succeeded in detecting many new details in the performance. Very recently he watched some groups of young wolf-spiders (*Lycosidæ*), which crowded the tops of railings in a meadow. Their faces were turned in the direction from which the wind was blowing, the body of each was elevated to an angle of forty-five degrees, the claws brought together, and the legs stiffened. From the spinnerets at the apex of the abdomen a single thread was exuded, and rapidly drawn out to a length of several feet by the breeze. Gradually, the foremost pair of legs sank to the level of the wood, and the entire attitude became that of intense resistance. Then, suddenly and simultaneously, the eight claws were unloosed, and the spider mounted with a sharp bound into the air, and went careering across the field. As far as could be judged, the insect seemed to take a voluntary leap at the moment of loosing its hold. One of them, by good fortune was followed through its flight. The position of the body was soon reversed, the head being turned in the same direction as the wind. The legs were spread out, and were united at the claws by delicate filaments of silk. After flying a distance of about eighty feet, the spider gradually settled down on the meadow. The difficulty of these observations will be readily understood, for they require exact suitability of position as to light, the limitation of the flight to a moderate height, and a comparatively slow speed.

A Quaint City.

In the old Dutch city of Amsterdam all fashionable houses border on a canal. The streets are named from the canals that pass through them. The houses are not built upright, but lean toward one another, as though very polite or systematically drunk. Their tops often nearly touch over the narrow streets. This is said to shelter them from the storm. In the gable is a large hook for hoisting every conceivable thing into the houses; clothes, which are always sent to the country for washing, fruits, butter, coal, turf. Little mirrors jut out from many windows, so that callers may be seen as they approach the door. Owing to the canals the city is very quiet. It is hard to believe that nearly 300,000 people are gathered in the houses which stand along the canals. The streets are paved with stone, as in this country, but there is scarcely any roar of carts or wagons. Boats do duty in their stead. Some of these are propelled by steam; a few flap their chocolate-colored sails, but the most are pushed through the water by means of long poles. These boats bear all manner of freight. Many boats furnish the home for the boatman and his family. They are not simply workshops. There is a kind of homely romance in the boatman's life. By the side of the canals there is generally a narrow carriage path and two foot-paths. A line of trees on either side of the path furnishes a pleasant shade in summer. The aristocrats are careful to walk in the paths next to the canal, as it is a mark of good breeding.

Keeping Things Lively.

Two women caught sight of each other in one of our dry goods stores the other day, and rushing forward simultaneously with outspread arms, nearly dislocated one another's noses in trying to find each other's mouths.

"Why, la! bless you, Miss Hixley, I'm so glad to see you," said one, with a quick, nervous voice, as she fell back a little after the scrimmage, and furled her features into a look of satisfied joy, warm enough to soften ice. "You're looking so splendidly well, too; it's a wonder I knew you. I wouldn't though, I don't think, if you hadn't smiled first. But, dear me, what a dreadful long time it's been since I saw you—it seems an age. You live in Middletown yet, I suppose?"

"Oh mercy, no—we left there three months ago and moved to Hamilton."

"You don't say?"

"Yes—but you? I was remarking to Sis the other day that I'd lost all track of you."

"We're in Lawrenceburg now, and I do so wish you could come and see us. I've got so much to tell you. You wouldn't believe how times have changed with us. Got a nice home now and everything nice—three bed-rooms up stairs, large hall, elegant parlor, lovely sitting room, splendid dining room, pantry and kitchen, big yard and garden and the sweetest lot of plants you ever saw—and what d'ye think? Alex. has really got to like flowers—anyhow he don't upset 'em any more and growl all the time about their always being in the way."

"But Louise?"

"What! hadn't you heard it? We sent you a paper with the notice. Why, she's been married six months, nearly."

"You don't tell me! But how did she do?"

"Splendid! A widower with a farm and three children, and a church member, too. He's not so much for looks, but he's an awful good man, and stands high in the neighborhood. She couldn't a done better."

"That is nice; but is he good to her?"

"Oh, yes—too good, I tell him sometimes. But they do get along just the nicest kind—as happy as larks all the time. It almost brings the tears to hear her call him an old fool and a baldheaded idiot as soon as he steps into the house. She always was so lively you know."

"What! Do they quarrel a'ready?" inquired the Middletown lady, with a pained look of anxiety.

"Why, no—certainly not, never—you couldn't hire 'em too."

"But you said she called him horrid names, and threw up his looks."

"Oh, yes, of course, and she may even spank the children right before his eyes, and tell him they are a pack of good-for-nothing thick-headed little beggars; but then it's only her way, you know, and she don't mean anything by it, of course. It's only a way she has of being cheerful and keeping things 'livened up around the house. I tell you Louise ain't going to let the dust settle around her much, no matter where she is."—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

"Coal Oil Johnny."

"Coal Oil Johnny," who made himself as well-known in Detroit as in any other town he entered, was the son of a poor farmer in Pithole, Pa., and his real name was Steele. The miserable farm, which had never yielded the family a subsistance, proved to be one of the richest oil locations in Pennsylvania, and when Johnny arrived at manhood he found himself an orphan in possession of a fortune of some $2,500,000 which he commenced to fling away with mad recklessness. Rose was on hand and helped him get through with a goodly share of it in the maddest excitement of gambling, riot and fast life. Coal Oil Johnny used to think he never could get to the end of his pile. He would sit down and calculate the thousands he owned and swear that he could never get rid of it. He did, though, in a little more than two years, and now he is a station agent on the Atlantic and Great Western railroad. Rose tells some characteristic stories of his companion, with whom he traveled all over the continent, wherever sport and excitement were to be had. Once, when sitting with Steele and Murphy, a variety actor who used to play at Beller's place on Randolph street, a telegram came for Steele. Murphy took it and opened it. The dispatch was from Hartford, Conn., and read: "Twenty thousand dollars here to your order. What shall we do with it?" Coal Oil Johnny refused to take the dispatch after Murphy had handed it to him.

"Write 'em an answer, telling 'em that if I don't call for it in five years to give it to on orphan asylum," said the magnificent spendrift.

Ten years later Johnny called for the money. He had spent all but that sum and it only served to keep him in dissipation for a few weeks.

Rose had at that time something over $20,000 that he had acquired himself, and felt entitled to travel on a footing of equality with this remarkable fool. Once Johnny got on a spree in Detroit. He went to a place on Macomb street, and to make the orgie sensational, completely destroyed a $250 piano, by stamping it in with his feet. The next day he sent the proprietor an $800 Steinway. In Philadelphia he saw a pair of horses being harnessed in a livery stable and wanted to drive them. The stable-keeper refused, as the horses belonged to another party who boarded them, but who would sell them for $1,500. Johnny paid the money, drove the horses furiously for two hours, and then sold them to the colored coachman for a dollar bill. Lighting cigars with $100 notes was a favorite diversion. He was charitable and generous, with all his profligacy, and often did much good with his money.—*Detroit News.*

The Iron-Hearted Lover.

In the big crowd of excursionists sitting on the City Hall steps for a rest, the other day, was a young man of excellent length of legs, and a girl with sixteen auburn curls hanging down around her head. They had scarcely settled themselves and locked fingers when she cautiously observed:

"I 'spose they have soda-water in this town?"

"I 'spose," he replied, "but the last thing afore we started I promised your mother not to let you drink any soda-water. It's the worst thing in the world to bring on consumption."

She was quiet for a moment, and then, pointing to the left, remarked:

"I see that Sarah is eating pea-nuts. I 'spose they have peanuts in this town?"

"Wall, yes, but your mother cautioned me the last thing not to buy any peanuts for you. The shucks are apt to git into your windpipe. The Queen of Holland was choked to death in that way."

Pretty soon a boy came along with some fruit, and the young woman felt obliged to say:

"Them apples and pears look awful nice."

"Yes, they do," replied the prudent lover, "but I promised your mother, at the depot, not to buy any fruit for you. Them apples look nice, but if you git the tooth-ache started on you, then the whole afternoon is busted."

The young man had just commenced to take comfort again, when she innocently remarked:

"When I came up here last summer with Jim, he bought more'n two pounds of candy."

"Yes, and what was the result?" he demanded. "You fell down cellar that very week, and didn't Jim have to light out last winter for bustin' in the schoolhouse door?"

She had got down to water, and with considerable sarcasm in her voice she inquired:

"I can have a drink of water, can't I? Mother didn't say anything against that did she?

"Well, no, not exactly," he slowly replied; "but she gin me an appealing look as the cars moved off—same as to say it ought to be kind o' warmish water, if any! You sot here and I'll borrow a dipper somewhere."

She "sot," and it was all of an hour and a half before he again succeeded in getting his arm around her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TWO MONTHS IN THE AIR.

Professor King Building a Giant Balloon to Cross the Ocean.

A daring aeronautical feat is to be attempted early in June of next year, according to a 'Philadelphia paper, which says: Professor Samuel A. King, the well-known aeronaut, proposes to start from New York on a balloon voyage which shall terminate on some portion of the European continent. Several years ago a proposition was made to Professor King to undertake the task, and the sum of $15,000 was guaranteed by some wealthy New Yorkers to cover the necessary expense. For prudential reasons the aeronaut at that time decided to decline the offer. Last winter, however, while making some experiments in balloons for the Howgate expedition, he was successful in discovering a substance of such impenetrability that a balloon of a capacity of 100,000 feet would not lose more than one per cent. of gas every twenty-four hours, so that after a journey occupying twenty days 80,000 feet of gas would still remain. The importance of this discovery is recognized when it is stated that an average balloon will lose twenty per cent. of gas in twenty-four hours. This new idea was communicated to the New Yorkers who renewed their previous offer. Professor King at once accepted, and the construction of the balloon, which will occupy the whole of the ensuing winter and spring, will be at once commenced.

The balloon will be the largest in the world. It will average about ninety feet in diameter and 275 feet in circumference, with a capacity for holding between 300,000 and 400,000 feet of gas. The material employed will be Pongee silk of a special manufacture, coated with substance known only to the professor. The silk will be doubled throughout. Pure hydrogen gas will be used, and the cost of inflation alone is approximated at $5,000. The car will be a combination of boat and basket, a wicker frame work covered with a heavy rubber substance, which can easily be used as a boat in case of emergency.

"I shall positively start in June," said the professor last night. "I consider that the month in which thunderstorms, which I do not wish to encounter, are the least frequent. The starting-point will be either New York or Brooklyn. I propose to keep in the lower currents, and to maintain a permanent altitude of 500 feet above the surface of the water. I shall entirely discard the old theory of sailing in currents from west to east at a height of three miles. When you reach that height the gas begins to lose by expansion. Then, when you begin to descend, ballast must be thrown out. You rise again; more gas is lost, another descent; a further throwing overboard of ballast, and so on until all your ballast is gone, and then you come down for good. Under my scheme I expect to be able to keep in the air for two months, if necessary, while there has never been a balloon which has kept detached from the earth for a longer period than twenty-four hours."

"What period of time do you anticipate the transatlantic voyage will occupy?"

"That is hard to say, but I expect to make at least twenty miles an hour. In addition to the ballast, the balloon will carry large, heavy rope, which will drag the water. This will have a tendency to keep us in the permanent altitude of which I have spoken."

South African Diamonds.

Scribner for September, in a second paper on the same subject contributed to that magazine, gives some very interesting statistics about the enormous yield of Cape diamonds since their comparatively recent discovery in that region. The total yield, up to the present time, is estimated at $100,000,000, and this immense amount is augmented by the value of large packages of diamonds privately carried away by both diggers and buyers. The Cape diamonds, which now form the world's only steady supply, nearly all go to London, which has become the center, not alone for buying and selling, but also for cutting—an industry once monopolized by Amsterdam, but now equally shared by its rival. It will be new to most American readers that within a few years this industry has become established in this country, both in New York and Boston, where the cleaning, cutting and polishing the rough stone is done, as experts testify, as well as it can be done anywhere. Stones cut abroad are frequently remodeled and repolished in this country, thereby gaining greatly in value, and others abandoned in the rough as not worth cutting are here converted into excellent brilliants. The entire yield at the Cape is thus classified: Ten per cent. first quality; fifteen per cent. second quality; twenty per cent. third quality; and the remaining fifty-five per cent. is ground up and used for cutting other stones. The stones are classed as "Cape white," "bye water," "off-color," and "yellow"—the first being the most numerous and least valuable, though when they were rarer they were much esteemed. If stones of this color should ever become popular again, there is now stored in merchants' safes in London a supply sufficient to work up and cut for a century to come. White and pure one-carat stones bring at the Cape $12; two to three-carat stones, $20 to $25; four-carat stones, $30 per carat; and off-colored stones up to six carats each, $8 to $10 per carat. It is estimated that ten per cent. of the white stones find an immediate sale principally and ultimately after cutting, for the American market. American purchasers, it is said, are the most critical judges of diamonds, and will have only the best white. The Cape is now sending $1,500,000 worth of diamonds monthly to the London market, and possibly a decline in prices, perhaps a panic, may by and by result.

Is The Moon Dead?

The question "Is the Moon Dead?" is ably, though somewhat elaborately discussed by Mr. Proctor, of the London *Echo*. Although the idea that so vast a surface as that of the moon should remain forever a scene of absolute silence and desolation seems almost beyond belief, Mr. Proctor does not consider that any satisfactory evidence of change (from her original condition) has ever been given, while evidence of such systematic changes as we associate with the evidence of life are wanting altogether. In several regions the crust has been broken, evidently by explosive action. In some places mighty slopes can be seen, as in the Sea of Serenity, which is divided through the center by a sort of ridge line. Some astronomers have contended that the darkening of the floor of the great crater, Plato (some sixty miles in diameter), proved the existence of vegetation in some form, while others declare that the supposed darkening is only the effect of contrast. The photographs of the moon taken many years ago exhibit the same outward appearance as now.

Changing From King to Subject.

According to an Arabian paper, *Al Janaib*, the abdication of King John of Abyssinia, was an act in keeping with the striking romance of his character and career. Menelek II, who claimed to be the rightful heir to the crown in virtue of his descent from the Queen of Sheba, had by his pretensions excited the ire of King John, who marched against him, and, entering the territories of Shoa, prepared to attack Menelek in his capital, Aukobec. A band of priests, however, met the advancing king, and rebuking him for levying war against his rightful sovereign, summoned him to abandon his sacrilegious enterprise and recognize Menelek. King John was so affected by their words that, halting his troops, he entered the city and in the sight of his army and the population laid off his crown and royal robes and paid homage to Menelek, who embraced him and conferred new dignities upon him, besides confirming him in his original princedom of Kasa. This story comes in a very round-about way, but is quite likely to be true.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

Dennis Kearney the California labor agitator, addressed a large open-air meeting in Union Square, New York.

The Oxford Iron Company, of Oxford, N. J., has suspended, with liabilities estimated at over $5,000,000. The failure is said to be due to the depression in the iron trade during the past year.

The State election in Maine resulted in no choice for governor, none of the candidates receiving a majority of the votes cast. The legislature will have to decide the contest. The Greenback party polled between 30,000 and 40,000 votes.

The New York State fair opened at Elmira, under favorable circumstances.

John Roark was the first victim of the new tramp law of New Hampshire, having been sentenced to fourteen months in the State prison.

Attempts are being made by the New York authorities to stop the sale of skimmed milk.

The New Hampshire Republicans met in convention at Concord. The ticket nominated is headed by Natt Head for governor. The platform adopted favors specie resumption, temperance, ten hours as a day's work, and expresses sympathy with the Administration.

A Nyack (N. Y.) dispatch says that Seth B. Cole, trustee and attorney; Ezra B. Weston, vice-president and trustee; and John H. Eells, formerly bookkeeper of the Rockland Savings Bank, were arrested for complicity in the frauds by which the bank was ruined. The indictments against Samuel W. Caufield, president, and Richard P. Eells, for perjury and embezzlement, go over to next year for trial.

The American Association for the Cure of Inebriates held their ninth annual session at Boston, the other day.

At the State convention of the Greenback party of Massachusetts, held in Boston, about 1,000 delegates were present, and Benjamin F. Butler was nominated for governor by a rising vote. The platform adopted proposes to refer to the United States supreme court the question of what the government bonds were originally meant to be paid in; demands the repeal of the resumption act; arraigns the Associated Press as an "infamous monopoly," and attacks land grants, the poll tax and the system of letting out contract labor.

The Prohibitionist party of Massachusetts assembled at Worcester and nominated a State ticket headed by the Rev. Dr. Miner for governor. The platform demands the suppression of the liquor traffic and contains a land-to-labor plank.

The stockholders of the Union National Bank, of Rahway, N. J., voted to go into liquidation because the institution was not paying expenses. The bank will be able to pay all demands upon it.

At the State convention of the New Hampshire Democrats Frank A. McKean was nominated for governor by acclamation. The platform adopted asserts that a defeated candidate was placed in the Presidential chair; sympathizes with the workingmen; demands the repeal of the resumption act and that greenbacks be made a full legal tender for all debts, and calls for the cutting down of all official salaries.

While a party of railroad men were testing the track in the yard at Altoona, Pa., their engine ran into a number of cars, and caused a complete wreck. Joseph Johnson, a brakeman, was killed. The superintendent of the road, Charles McCulley, had both feet cut off; the chief dispatcher, Joseph Sands had an arm broken and was otherwise injured, and Conductor James Boyd, Engineer Jackson, two brakemen, and the fireman were slightly injured.

Two Greenback Congressmen have been elected in Maine. The Legislature is close, the Republicans having a majority in the Senate, while in the House the Democrats and Greenbackers are slightly ahead.

Western and Southern States.

By the bursting of the boiler of the steamer Reliance, near St. Mary's Ga., four men were killed and a number of others severely injured.

Two trains on the Missouri Pacific railroad collided near St. Louis, and five persons were injured more or less severely.

The horse Rarus trotted at Minneapolis, Minn., attempting to beat 2:14, for a purse of $2,000. Although he failed in the attempt, yet the three heats were made in the wonderfully quick time of 2:15¾, 2:15½ and 2:14¾.

Four colored men were injured—one fatally—by the falling of a scaffold at Akron, Ohio.

The steamer Nadine struck a snag while on her way to St. Louis, on the Mississippi, and sunk, carrying down three of her crew.

Dr. E. M. Wright has been nominated for governor of Tennessee by the Republicans of that State, in convention assembled at Chattanooga.

Alexander Austin, ex-collector of San Francisco and a prominent citizen of that city, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart. Financial troubles are said to have led to the act.

General Miles struck a large party of Bannock Indians near Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone on the 8th inst., with his command of seven soldiers and thirty-five Crow Indians. General Miles made a very vigorous attack, killing thirteen hostile Indians and capturing thirty-four men, women and children and 200 ponies. Captain Bennett, of Company B of the Fifth Infantry, was killed and one soldier was wounded. This most important victory probably finishes the Bannack war. The Indians are now scattered into small and helpless bands.

A few days ago a terrible tornado passed through portions of Virginia and North Carolina. Its path was only about 100 yards wide, but its fury and devastation are described as unprecedented. Every house in its way was demolished, several persons were killed or injured, a large amount of live stock was lost, while timber, wearing apparel and bedding were scattered for miles around the country.

From Washington.

The secretary of the treasury has authorized the exchange of greenbacks for silver at the treasury and sub-treasuries.

General James Longstreet has been commissioned revenue agent, and assigned to a district of Georgia and Florida.

The Indian bureau is engaged in collecting a vast amount of material showing the history of the Indian service from the beginning under the war department, and subsequently under the civil branch up to the present time. This is to be submitted to the congressional committee appointed to consider the subject of transferring that bureau to the war department.

Foreign News.

Much damage in Cuba has been done by a recent severe storm.

Arrangements have been made between Hanlan and Courtney, Canadian and American champion oarsmen, for a race at Lachine, near Montreal, the stakes to be $11,000.

A Constantinople dispatch says the Albanian insurgents have assassinated the governor of Ipeka and ten other officials. Information has also been received that Mehemet Ali Pasha, who was sent to pacify Albania, was mobbed at Yacova, a town sixty-seven miles northeast of Scutari. He fled from the place and took refuge in a shed, but was pursued by the Albanians, who called upon him to organize an attack against the Austrians. Upon refusing to comply with this demand, Mehemet Ali and twenty members of his suite were massacred. The insurgents afterward fired the house containing the dead body of Mehemet Ali with petroleum.

The Austrian army of occupation in Bosnia numbers 200,000.

The German parliament was opened at Berlin. In the speech from the throne, the Emperor expressed the hope that the Anti-Socialist bill would be adopted, that the spread of the pernicious Socialist movement might be arrested, and that those who have been misled by it might be brought back to the right path. No reference was made in the Emperor's speech to foreign affairs.

Nobiling, who tried to kill the emperor of Germany some time since and then attempted to commit suicide, died of his self-inflicted wounds a few days ago, in Berlin.

Over 600 bodies have been recovered of persons drowned by the disaster to the excursion steamer Princess Alice on the Thames.

About 300 lives have been lost by an explosion of coal gas in a Welsh colliery, near Newport, Monmouthshire. Soon after the explosion a number of dead bodies were recovered, but owing to the burning gas that burst out of the mouth of the ventilating shaft search parties were enabled to penetrate only a short distance. A cable dispatch, sent soon after the disaster occurred, says: "This disaster is the most terrible that has ever occurred in Wales. The scenes at the mouth of the pit are indescribable. Frantic women who have relatives in the mines are kneeling above the shaftway, calling hysterically for the men who are known to have gone into the mine but who cannot get to their names. The last miss men rescued from the pit at about eight o'clock were badly burned, some of them, indeed, terribly disfigured. The dead body of a boy, one of the drivers, has been recovered. There is hardly any hope entertained that more of the miners are yet alive, although it is asserted that there is a distant part of the pit in which refuge may have been found from the flames. The poisonous gases, however, would soon penetrate even to the most distant place of refuge and render breathing impossible. According to the latest advices the pit is still burning, and the managers are discussing the propriety of flooding it, as it seems certain all the men are either burned to death or suffocated. The flooding will probably be indelayed until the last hope that any lives are extinguished. The number of the dead is estimated at two hundred and eighty. Two of the rescued have since died from their burns. Others are in a precarious condition. There is not the slightest hope of rescuing any more alive, as the workings are very intricate and extend over three miles. So far only about seven corpses have been recovered. The explosion occurred soon after noon. Those on the bank knew it by a rumbling noise and the ascent of a dense volume of smoke. All the people in the district rushed to the pit mouth in consternation."

Of the 86,000 Russians who occupied Turkey 46,000 have gone home.

The French troops in New Caledonia have completely defeated the insurgent natives, who lost 130 killed and wounded, including three chiefs killed.

The managing editor of the Paris Bonapartist journal, *Le Pays*, has been sentenced to a fine of